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JUL 3 1899

The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review 91669
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXV

JULY, 1899

No. 865

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THE LATE AUGUSTIN DALY

(From an unpublished photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf. Courtesy of the Century Co.)

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An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature, Art and Life

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The Lounger

THE death of Augustin Daly is an irreparable loss to the stage in America. He occupied a unique position and one of his own making. There was no climbing in at the cabin window in his case. He was a theatrical manager from his childhood, for he managed a theatre when he was a small boy. His playfellows were the actors and he was the managing director. Curiously enough, he never had any ambition to act, but only to be a manager, and this he was in every sense of the word. No other theatre will take the place that Daly's has held since 1869. We were always sure of good plays at Daly's; always sure of good acting, and of a management that was felt in every corner of the theatre, from the box-office at the front to the stage door at the rear. No manager, not even Edwin Booth, knew his business as well as Mr. Daly. For Booth, with all his knowledge of the stage, was not a business man. Daly was everything: he could write plays; he could produce them; he probably could have acted them if he had wanted to. At any rate, he could tell others how to act, and his theatre was the best school of acting that America has known. Even if Daly's Theatre is continued, those of us to whom it was almost a second home will never be reconciled to the absence of Mr. Daly from the lobby. Every night, from the time the doors were opened until the curtain was rung up, Mr. Daly stood by the railing at the left of the ticket-taker. When it was time to ring up the curtain his place was on the stage, and there he stayed until the curtain was rung down. It was part of the pleasure of attending a first night at Daly's Theatre to call Mr. Daly before the curtain, and hear him speak a few words of appreciation—of his audience and of his company. He always looked the working manager. I don't think I ever saw him in a dress suit. It was the same sack coat, the same felt hat, and the same Mr. Daly—even though when I first saw him before the curtain his hair and moustache were brown, and the last time there was gray in his hair, and his

moustache was white. The photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf, which serves as a frontispiece to this number of *THE CRITIC*, is the best likeness of Mr. Daly that I have seen. Outside of his theatre, books were Mr. Daly's great passion. His library ranked as one of the finest in New York, not because of the standard books on its shelves, but because of the rarity of the collection. Some of his books are unique, and many priceless.



Photo. by Braun, Clement et Cie.

Paris

M^{lle}. ROSA BONHEUR

It is hard to imagine the world of art without Rosa Bonheur's living presence, for at seventy-seven she was probably the best known painter in the world. Her most famous painting was "The Horse Fair," purchased by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for \$50,000 and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of this city. Of the two portraits here given, the larger was taken two years ago, the smaller more recently. The larger is more satisfactory because it gives us more of the artist's face, but the smaller is certainly more characteristic, showing her enjoying herself in her garden at By, with her dog and her cigarette. Lions were her favorite animals. She literally lived among them. A favorite lioness died in her arms, and she was greatly affected when, in its last moments, the animal licked her hand with its rough tongue.



Courtesy of

The Ladies' Home Journal

ROSA BONHEUR IN HER GARDEN AT BY

The most interesting news that the publishing world has heard in many a long day is that of the alliance between Messrs. Harper & Brothers and the McClure interests, including the S. S. McClure Co. and the Doubleday & McClure Co. The house of Harper & Brothers is one of the oldest and most conservative in the business; the house of McClure, one of the youngest and least conservative. Everybody has been asking everybody what it means. The meaning seems to me plain enough:—business! Messrs. Harper have an enormous establishment and more material than they can handle to advantage in the old way. They want to bring new blood and new methods into their establishment, and so they have allied themselves with the newest blood and the newest methods. What the outcome of this alliance will be is unknown to anyone but those who are in it, and even they do not know as much as they will within a year from now. It takes some time to digest the fruits of such a consolidation. Rumor is rife and wild as to what the alliance will bring forth. Everything is mentioned from more magazines and weeklies to a daily paper. A new encyclopædia in forty volumes is said to be contemplated. Just how many of these rumors are true it is impossible for an outsider to say, but that we shall see some remarkable things in the publishing business before many years have passed by, no one can doubt. Negotiations for this alliance have been pending for several months, but no one outside of the two firms interested knew anything about it until the news appeared in the papers of June 4th. There has been an interchange

of officers between the two companies. Mr. John W. Harper is to be second vice-president of the S. S. McClure Co., while Mr. J. H. Harper and Mr. H. Sleeper Harper will become officers of the same concern. Not to be outdone in politeness, Mr. S. S. McClure will become vice-

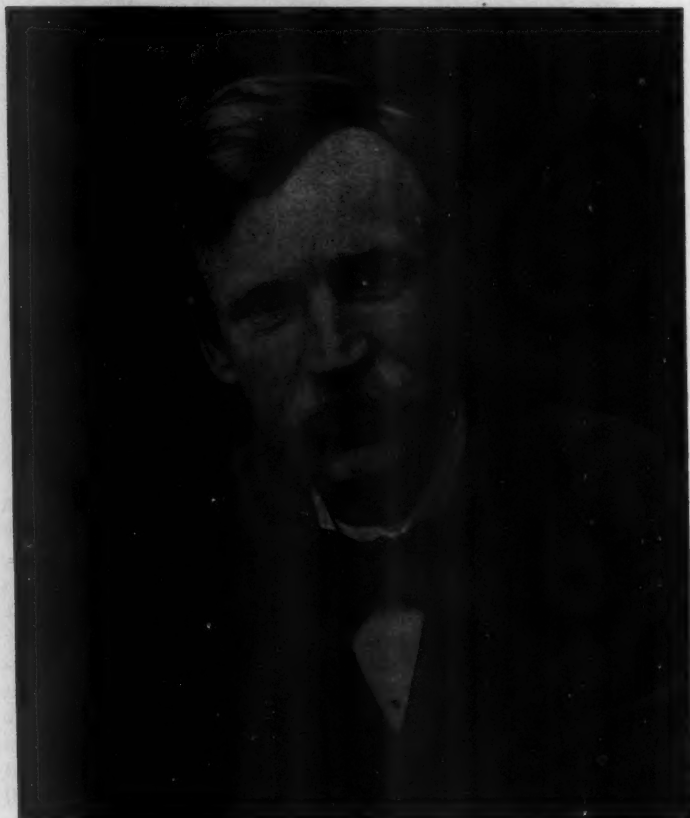


Photo. by

MR. S. S. McCLURE

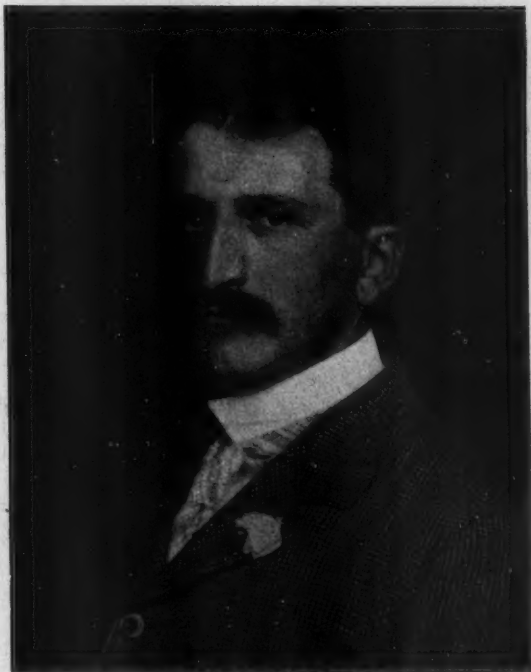
G. C. Cox

president of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and Messrs. John S. Phillips, F. N. Doubleday, and Albert B. Brady will be officers in Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Messrs. Harper & Brothers was recently incorporated with a capital of \$2,000,000. The S. S. McClure Co. has a capital of \$100,000, but it does a business out of all proportion to it.

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Everyone knows Messrs. Harper & Brothers, for they have been in business since 1817. I cannot go back to that date with my recollections, but I very well remember the late Mr. Fletcher Harper, who was one of the original four brothers, and the last to die.

While everyone has heard of Mr. McClure and his associates, it is not everyone who knows much about them. Mr. McClure, the founder and chief owner of the McClure interests, was born in County Antrim, Ireland, on February 7, 1857, of Scotch ancestors, as his name suggests. In June, 1866, he came to America, where his family settled in northern Indiana. He attended the common school there and then went to Knox College, where he graduated in 1882. With him at Knox College were his present associates, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Brady. The three were connected with the college paper. In July of the year



Photo, for The Critic

By Hollinger & Co.

MR. F. N. DOUBLEDAY

that he graduated, Mr. McClure entered the service of the Pope Manufacturing Co., as editor and manager of *The Wheelman*. The next year he left that journal and came to New York to enter the service of Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne—the De Vinne Press. After being there a year, he took a position with the Century Co., but only held it a short time, as he saw better prospects for himself in working on his own account. It was after leaving the Century Co. that he started McClure's Syndicate, the first newspaper syndicate, I believe, established in America: that was in 1884. In June, 1893, the first number of *McClure's Magazine* was published. Mr. McClure had not much

capital to start a magazine with, but he had qualities and opportunities that were worth more than capital. He had a struggle at first, but very soon the tide turned, and *McClure's Magazine* became a success.



Mr. McClure is said to be the original of one of the characters in Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Wreckers," and of another in Mr. Howells's "A Hazard of New Fortunes."



Mr. Phillips, who has been so intimately associated with Mr. McClure, and to whom the latter attributes a great part of his success, studied at Harvard University as well as at Knox College. He was associated with Mr. McClure for a short time on *The Wheelman*, and then he went to Germany, where he studied for three years. When he returned, McClure's Syndicate was a year old. He joined forces with Mr. McClure, and has been with him ever since. He is a large stockholder in both the McClure concerns, and has been a very important factor in their success.



Mr. Doubleday was born in Brooklyn in 1862. When he was fourteen years old he took a position in the publishing house of Messrs. Scribner, and there he stayed for twenty years, every year adding to the importance of his work. In 1897, he joined forces with Mr. McClure, and, under the name of the Doubleday & McClure Co., a publishing business was established which was, in the language of advertisers, "a success from the start." Mr. Doubleday is distinguished not only for his new and brilliant ideas in publishing matters, but for his ability in carrying them out.



Every business has seen a change of methods in the past ten years, but in none have there been greater changes than in the publishing of books and periodicals. It is now said that publishing as well as book-selling is to be a part of the department-store business. Mr. Wanamaker announces a general magazine (he is already the publisher of *Book News*), and rumor has it that he is going to publish books as well, while the H. B. Clafin Co. are looking toward controlling the book-selling trade!



I hear splendid things about Gustavo Salvini, son of the great Salvini. He is said to be very talented and to give promise of being a worthy successor of his father. Alexander Salvini, the son who died, was a fine actor and gave great promise. If Gustavo is as talented, I hope that we shall see him in America before long—say as leading man with Duse—but not with an English-speaking company unless he speaks in English also. Only so great a man as Tommaso Salvini could make possible a combination of two languages on the same stage.

Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling is something more than the father of his son, though that of itself, one might think, would be sufficient to satisfy the ambition of most men. Mr. Kipling was the son of a Wesleyan preacher, and was born in Yorkshire, England. After leaving school, he served his apprenticeship in one of the Staffordshire potteries in Burslem, and afterwards worked in the studio of the sculptor, Mr.

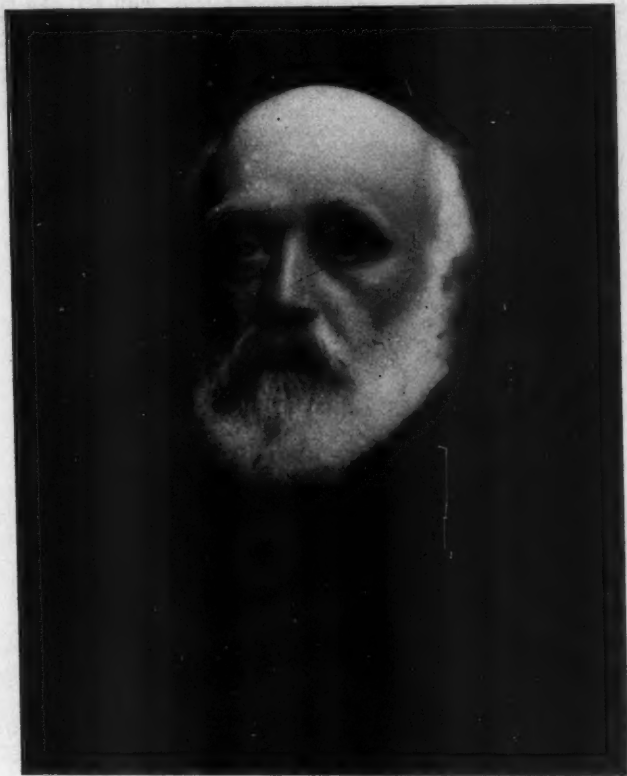


Photo. for The Critic

By Hollinger & Co.

MR. J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING

Birnie Philip, and from 1861 to 1865 was engaged on the decorations of the South Kensington Museum. In the latter year he was appointed Professor of Architectural Sculpture in the British School of Art in Bombay, and there it was that his son Rudyard was born. Between the years 1875 and 1893, Mr. Kipling was Principal of the Mayo School of Art and Curator of the Central Museum at Lahore. His knowledge of India is extensive and intimate, and probably no one but he could have produced so striking a work of its kind as the learned and entertaining volume, "Beast and Man in India," which he published

in 1891. His skill as an artist appears very characteristically in the bas-reliefs designed for the Outward Bound edition of his son's writings, and reproduced therein by a photographic process. While the latter was lying ill in this city a few weeks ago, his father came over to be with him, and it was while he was here that I induced him to sit for the photograph, a reproduction of which is given on page 585. Mr. Lockwood Kipling, his son, and his son's family, with Mr. and Mrs. Doubleday, sailed for England on the 14th of June.



The Decker Studio

MR. CHARLES W. CHESNUTT *

Cleveland, O.

A correspondent, who withholds his name, sent me the interesting photograph (on page 587) of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard and Mr. Stanley Waterloo with these lines: "Here is a décolleté kodak view of Charles Warren Stoddard and Stanley Waterloo, taken surreptitiously when the Californian poet and the Chicago novelist were evidently practising the Horatian maxim, 'Dulce est desipere in loco.' Like the great dead Commoner of Hawarden, the favorite recreation of these two Western writers is the incontinent felling of trees that were hoary with age when Socrates was doomed to drink hemlock. Mr. Stoddard is meditating another voyage to a lotos-land 'where 't is always after-

* See page 632.

noon,' while Stanley Waterloo has been persuaded by Sir Walter Besant (the critic who 'discovered him' and who never seems to tire of eulogizing him by stroke of pen and word of mouth) to join the ever-increasing colony of American novelists in London. For some inscrutable reason, any one of Mr. Waterloo's three novels, 'A Man and a Woman,' 'An Odd Situation,' 'The Story of Ab,' have sold in England more than the whole three have sold in America. In Eng-



MESSRS. C. WARREN STODDARD AND STANLEY WATERLOO
IN A WESTERN GARDEN

land his books are published by the historic house of Adam and Charles Black of Edinburgh and London; in this country, chiefly by H. S. Stone & Company. Together with Opie Read, H. B. Fuller, and Hamlin Garland, Mr. Waterloo is identified with the much-discussed Chicago 'School,' that some day may be to the West what the Concord 'School' was to the East."

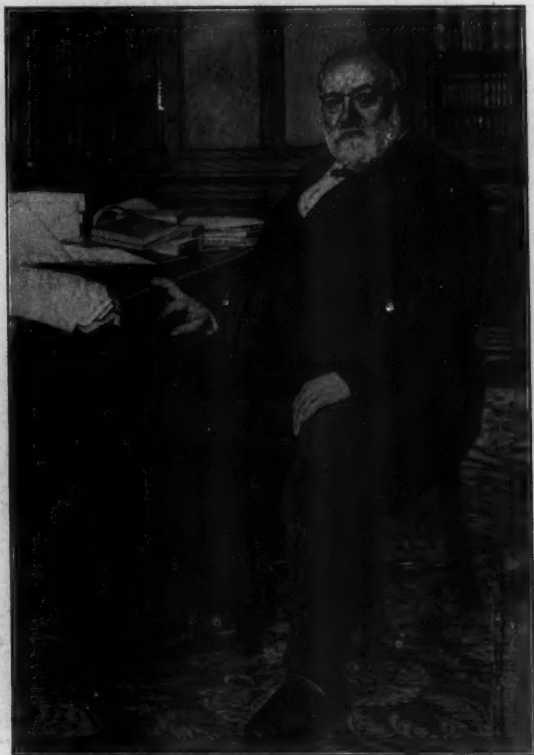


I wrote to Mr. Waterloo for permission to publish the photograph, and he gave it grudgingly, "because," to quote from his letter, "Stoddard looks so much better than I—not that he does really, but it was the focus or the sunlight or something. Stoddard," he adds, "looks like a genial saint, while I have a leer. Could n't you, in the text, mix us up?" I might but I won't. I prefer the "deadly parallel."



Yale University is to be congratulated on its choice of a President. Prof. Arthur T. Hadley is the right man in the right place.

I hear that Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's novel, "By Right of Sword," has been dramatized by an American playwright, and is to be produced in London and New York in the fall. "By Right of Sword" has reached a sale of over 30,000 copies in America, and in London has passed into the fifth edition. The New Amsterdam Book Co., who were the American publishers of the novel, announce another story



From L'Illustration

M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY*

from Mr. Marchmont's pen, and are so confident of its success that they are already contemplating its dramatization. The new story deals with a human derelict who was hardly a Puritan in his youth, and the author pictures his hero as a sort of social Monte Cristo.

An interesting life of Sara Bernhardt has been written by M. Jules Huret. It contains an introduction by M. Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano," and is personal and intimate. "I have never," says M. Rostand, "made the acquaintance of the Sara with the coffin and the alligators. The only Sara I know is the one who works."

* See page 608.

If Miss Mary Johnston's serial, "To Have and to Hold," begun in the June number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, continues as brilliantly as it has begun, the readers and the publishers of that periodical are to be congratulated. It is one of the best first instalments of a novel that I have read in many a long day. I had almost said that I had ever read, but that might be an exaggeration; though I cannot think of any other of recent days that opens with more picturesqueness and "go," or that piques curiosity to the same extent.



Photo. by

MR. JOHN BLAIR

F. B. Johnston

Mr. John Blair, who is a clever and careful actor, gave a clever and careful performance of "Ghosts," by Henrik Ibsen, at the Carnegie Lyceum recently. "Ghosts," however, is a play that is more unpleasant when it is well acted than when it is badly acted. After seeing it I felt as though I had been assisting at a clinic. Mr. Blair's performance was admirable, neither exaggerated nor too restrained, but by so much was it the worse for its effect upon an audience. I shall always be glad to see this intelligent young actor in any part that he may play, but as Oswald Alving—never again! I understand, by the way, that Mr. Blair is about to publish a volume of poems.

Mr. Clement Shorter is enjoying a three months' vacation before he resumes the editorial harness. I find his name among the incorporators of a new concern called the Nineteen Hundred Publishing Syndicate, Limited. Both Mr. Spottiswood and Mr. Eyre, of the firm of Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswood, are in this list, so it would seem that their firm will be interested in the new publications that Mr. Shorter is to edit.



Etched by Paul Helleu

THE WHITE SALON

Courtesy of F. Keppel & Co.

The exhibition of Helleu's etchings at Keppel's has been postponed until the fall, so many of the proofs having passed into the hands of collectors. There is a daintiness about Helleu's dry-points that few etchers have been able to express. Although a prolific worker he never loses this quality and is always at his best. The two examples of his work here given are particularly characteristic.



Mr. Barrie has now completed the sequel to "Sentimental Tommy," called "Tommy and Grizel"—a better title than "The Celebrated Tommy," which was first given out as his choice.

Mr. Hunter M. Robinson, who succeeds Mr. Kennerley as the American representative of Mr. John Lane, was for eighteen years with Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Mr. Robinson is an author of books and a contributor to the London literary journals. The Bodley Head is to be moved farther up Fifth Avenue, and it is rumored that Mr. Kennerley, who has started in the publishing business on his own account, will occupy the cosy basement at Fifth Avenue and 19th Street when Mr. Lane moves out.



Mr. W. W. Appleton, who has just returned from his annual visit abroad, has arranged for the publication by his firm of an important work relating to the coming Paris Exhibition. It is to be a review of the world's progress in art and science during the last hundred years. The text will be by experts selected from the various countries of Europe and America. The illustrations will be taken mainly from pictures which are to be at the Paris Exhibition.



Etched by Paul Hellen

Courtesy of F. Keppel & Co.

THE BLACK HAT



Count Tolstoy's agent in London has protested against the excisions made in Tolstoy's novel by the editor of *The Cosmopolitan*. He, no doubt, has cause for protest from his point of view, but the readers of *The Cosmopolitan* would have protested much more violently had the story been served to them as it was written. In London it has been printed just as Tolstoy wrote it. Let us hope that it is not printed in a journal designed for family reading.



Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, is to show, in a pavilion at the coming Paris Exhibition, a copy of every edition of his works. The pavilion will have to be a large one, as he has written over 300 novels, some of which have been translated into every European language.

At last we have an edited and authorized edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's letters of travel that have been published from time to time in more or less agreeable form. It is in two volumes with the general title "From Sea to Sea." The motto on the title-page is "Write me as one that loved his fellowmen." The book is published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., and contains a few prefatory lines by Mr. Kipling, in which he says:

"In these two volumes I have got together the bulk of the special correspondence and occasional articles written by me for the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer* between 1887 and 1889. I have been forced to this action by the enterprise of various publishers, who, not content with disinterring old newspaper work from the decent seclusion of the office files, have in several instances seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations."



I am sorry that Mr. Kipling should be forced to do anything that he did not want to do, but I think that we should have missed a good deal if we had not been given these letters in permanent form, though there may be some that it would be more flattering to us Americans to have left unprinted; but then, why should we not take the bitter with the sweet, without making a wry face? "Letters of Marque" form the bulk of the first volume. They are about the East, and are in Mr. Kipling's familiar and admirable style. These Eastern letters, as well as those relating to America, have all the buoyancy of youth, with some of its faults. It is quite as good as a visit to the Orient to read what Mr. Kipling has written about it. Indeed, I don't know but that I enjoy his descriptions more than I should enjoy travelling in those countries of fearful heat. Not that we are unaccustomed to heat in New York, for I am writing now with the thermometer at 95°; but we always hope for something better. In the far East they know that unless they climb the mountain heights they will never be cool. "When I die," says Mr. Kipling, "I will be a Burman, with twenty yards of real king's silk, that has been made in Mandalay, about my body, and a succession of cigarettes between my lips. I will wave the cigarette to emphasize my conversation, which shall be full of jest and repartee, and I will always walk about with a pretty almond-colored girl, who shall laugh and jest, too, as a young maiden ought." He never says anything about wanting to be an American, though it was frequently suggested to him that he should become naturalized while he was over here.



"Protect me from the wrath of an outraged community if these letters be ever read by American eyes," he exclaims, and well he may. We say the same things about America ourselves, but we don't allow other people to—just as a mother will spank her own child when he does wrong, but I would not advise anyone else to do the spanking in her presence. He describes San Francisco as a "mad city—inhabited

for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of remarkable beauty." It was in San Francisco that he first heard American "as she is spoke." The American, he insists, has no language.

"He has dialect, slang, provincialism, accent, and so forth. Now that I have heard their voices, all the beauty of Bret Harte is being ruined for me because I find myself catching, through the roll of his rhythmical prose, the cadence of his peculiar fatherland. Get an American lady to read to you 'How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar' and see how much is, under her tongue, left of the beauty of the original. But I am sorry for Bret Harte. It happened this way. A reporter asked me what I thought of the city, and I made answer suavely that it was hallowed ground to me because of Bret Harte. That was true. 'Well,' said the reporter, 'Bret Harte claims California, but California don't claim Bret Harte. He's been so long in England that he's quite English. Have you seen our cracker factories and the new offices of the *Examiner*?' He could not understand that to the outside world the city was worth a great deal less than the man."



What Mr. Kipling says of the American politician, whom he first met in San Francisco, is perfectly true. We say it ourselves:

"I went almost directly afterwards to a saloon where gentlemen interested in ward politics nightly congregate. They were not pretty persons. Some of them were bloated, and they all swore cheerfully till the heavy gold watch-chains on their fat stomachs rose and fell again; but they talked over their liquor as men who had power and unquestioned access to places of trust and profit. The magazine writer discussed theories of government; these men the practice. They had been there. They knew all about it. They banged their fists on the table and spoke of political 'pulls,' the vending of votes, and so forth. There was not the talk of village babblers reconstructing the affairs of the nation, but of strong, coarse, lustful men fighting for spoil and thoroughly understanding the best methods of reaching it."

When he speaks of the American girl Mr. Kipling is complimentary. He admires her beauty, he admires her cleverness, and he admires her pluck.



Of course, one cannot expect Chicago to like what Mr. Kipling says about it; but, on the other hand, he probably does not mean all that he says. It is just his picturesque way:

"I have struck a city—a real city—and they call it Chicago. The other places do not count. San Francisco was a pleasure resort as well as a city, and Salt Lake was a phenomenon. This place is the first American city I have encountered. It holds rather more than 1,000,000 people with bodies, and stands on the same sort of soil as Calcutta. Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages. Its water is the water of the Hugli, and its air is dirt. Also it says that it is the 'boss' town of America. I do not believe that it has anything to do with this country."

When one criticises these letters of Mr. Kipling's he must remember that they were written when the author, who is still a young man,

was a much younger man. After he knew more about America he probably changed his mind, and he never authorized the republication of what he had written until forced to do so. It was the American pirate who unearthed these letters and flaunted them in the face of the public, for the purpose of making bad blood as much as any other reason. After Mr. Kipling knew us better, if he could have destroyed them entirely I have no doubt that he would have done so. But I should have regretted their destruction, as I have found them very entertaining.



A writer in the London *Star* publishes a letter that he received some time ago from Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who was the subject of a book that he had just written, called "An Attempt at Appreciation." After the book was accepted by a publishing house, but before it was issued, the writer sent the manuscript to Mr. Kipling; and this was the modest acknowledgment he received:

"I have read your typewritten book with a good deal of interest, and I confess that I greatly admire your enthusiasm. But does it not seem to you that work of this kind would be best published after the subject were dead? There are so many ways in which a living man may fall from grace that, were I you, I should be afraid to put so much enthusiasm into the abidingness of print until I was very sure of my man. Please do not think for a moment that I do not value your enthusiasm, but considering things from the point of view of the public, to whom after all your book must go, is there enough, to them, in anything that Mr. Kipling has written to justify one whole book about him?"



The fifteen-volume edition of Kipling's works, which will be ready this month, is not to be published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., as has been reported, nor by any one publishing house. It is an edition arranged for the author by Mr. Doubleday, and issued jointly by his authorized publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., the Century Co., and the Doubleday & McClure Co. It will be marketed, as already announced, by the Book Department of the H. B. Clafin Co.



In the course of an interview published in the London *Chronicle*, Mark Twain, who is now in the British capital, said: "There has not been an original idea in the world from Adam's time until our own. What I mean is, that no man produces an idea out of his own head. The idea first comes from the outside; you cannot grow an idea. Why, Adam could not invent the idea of modesty. He went naked until he learned from the outside that to be naked was immodest. I'm not attaching any large importance to this, for I have a sense of modesty, although Adam had n't. I got it from Adam; I did not invent it."

The newly discovered manuscript by a famous novelist long since deceased, announced by the London *Outlook*, turns out to be by the elder Dumas. There are two stories, and their discoverer is a Greek gentleman by the name of Apostolides, who proposes to publish them himself. The MS. was submitted to Messrs. Levy, of Paris, the publishers of Dumas's novels, and they are reported to have declared it to be absolutely authentic. With a new story by Balzac and two by Dumas we are indeed to be congratulated.



Messrs. Meyer Bros. & Co. tell me that they are the fortunate publishers in America of the newly discovered unpublished novellette by Honoré de Balzac, about which the French editors have been discoursing. Only four hundred copies will be printed, and they will be illustrated with water-color drawings by a well-known French painter and printed in this country. The text is not the original French, but a translation. The only surviving members of Balzac's family are said to be the grandchildren of his sisters, M. Paul de Montzaigle, an engineer at Ismailia, M. Duhamel-Surville, and Mme. Carrier-Belleuse.



Another recently discovered novel is "Gerald FitzGerald," by Charles Lever. It is said to have appeared as a serial in the Dublin *University Magazine*, to which it was apparently sold outright. The magazine changed hands, and the new proprietors and Lever had trouble of some kind, sufficiently serious apparently to prevent his obtaining their consent to include "Gerald FitzGerald" among his collected works. It was only recently, when Messrs. Downey & Co. were preparing a new collected edition of Lever's writings, that the matter again came up for deliberation. Mrs. Nevill, Lever's sister, could not account for the omission of "Gerald FitzGerald," but gave Messrs. Downey & Co. permission to issue it as a substantive work. The book will be published in this country by the New Amsterdam Book Co.



The one hundred and fiftieth birthday, or birthnight, of "Zaza" was recently celebrated at the Garrick Theatre by the distribution of a souvenir giving the history of the play, and of Mrs. Carter's career as an actress. Say what we may about the play, we are bound to admit that Mrs. Carter has given a remarkable performance in the title rôle. Not only theatre-goers, but members of her own profession, are unanimous in praise of her work. She has proved that temperament and magnetism go a long way toward making a successful actress—a longer way, sometimes, than a lifetime spent on the stage. Mr. Charles Frohman shows what he thinks of Mrs. Carter's performance by arranging to have her appear in Paris before the very audiences that night after night saw Rejane in the same part. There are many persons who, after having seen both actresses in this play, award Mrs. Carter the palm for her forceful expression of passion in the fourth act.

Through the medium of "Who's Who," it has been discovered that a number of English critics write book reviews under various names, to the befuddlement of the public, who think that they are getting the opinions of a number of men, and not merely of one or two. Dr. Conan Doyle has written several letters to the London *Daily Chronicle* to express his abhorrence of this custom. He cited Dr. Robertson Nicoll as a flagrant case. Dr. Nicoll is "Claudius Clear," "A Man of Kent," "O. O."; he also writes over his own name. This gives him four opportunities to express his opinion of a book and its author. Dr. Doyle does not think this is right. If the public is deceived in the matter, I agree with him. There is no objection to a man writing a dozen or more reviews of the same book if he does it over his own name, but it seems to me that it is misleading to have one man writing a half-dozen reviews of the same book over a half-dozen different names. The "insiders" may know that "Claudius Clear" and "O. O." are the same man, but "outsiders" do not, and it is "outsiders" who are supposed to read reviews and buy books. Apropos of the discussion, the London *World* prints the following:

"That speech is silver we are told—
As such we may receive it;
And silence is, they tell us, gold—
And we can quite believe it.
But now we're taken unawares,
And here's a pretty pickle!
All criticism, Doyle declares,
Is practically *nickel*!"



A reviewer called at this office not long ago and suggested writing a review of a certain book for THE CRITIC. He admitted that he had written five different reviews of the same book, but that he had treated it from five different standpoints. Some of these reviews had appeared over his own name; others had not. It seemed to me that if THE CRITIC printed the sixth review of the same book by the same man, its readers would notice a lack of freshness about it. The offer was declined, much to the chagrin of the reviewer, who could not understand the editorial point of view. One man writing six reviews of the same book seems to me very much like a critical "trust," and trusts should certainly be avoided in matters of literary opinion.



Miss Clara Morris, the well-known actress, has published through Brentano's a book called "A Silent Singer." Miss Morris is a woman who always has something worth while to say when she speaks. I remember meeting her in the Vienna Bakery at Tenth Street and Broadway, just before THE CRITIC was started, nearly nineteen years ago. I told her of its plan, and she was much interested. At the same time she gave me this excellent advice: "Make up your mind what you are going to do, and then do it. Don't wobble before the public."

When Doctors Disagree

WE give herewith a letter from Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the historian of *Punch*, in which he denies Thackeray's responsibility for certain of the articles attributed to him in *THE CRITIC*, and handles Mr. Dickson, their editor, with no loving touch. Mr. Dickson may have made two or three mistakes in selecting Thackeray's written contributions from the earlier volumes of *Punch*, but as he goes on he is surer of his ground. The illustrations, which, after all, are the most interesting part of the contributions, are in the majority of cases marked with the familiar "specs" of the artist, and about them there is no shadow of a doubt. Mr. Dickson is a gentleman of unquestioned honor, and he has long been known to Thackerayans, in this country at least, as one of the most enthusiastic and best informed of their number. His letter in reply to Mr. Spielmann speaks for itself.

EDS. CRITIC.

"Thackeray's Contributions to 'Punch'"

MR. SPIELMANN'S ATTACK

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE CRITIC":

Cordially acknowledging the courtesy of Mr. Frederick S. Dickson's reference to myself as "our High Court of Appeals" on matters connected with *Punch*, and its contributors, I think it my duty to point out to you the absolutely untrustworthy character of the papers on "Thackeray's Contributions to *Punch*," the first of which now appears in your number for May.

In spite of your announcement that Mr. Dickson is one of the three or four persons familiar with Thackeray's unidentified contributions to *Punch*, I beg leave to declare that Mr. Dickson is making only very infelicitous guesses at them. So far from being, as you say, a record of treasure-trove, these articles can only falsify the facts, and, with the imprimatur of your fair reputation and good name, mislead the general public, giving your authority to absolute, if unintentional, misrepresentation.

This statement is so serious that I proceed at once to substantiate it—first explaining that I speak (as Mr. Dickson knows) on the unassailable authority of the manager's book of *Punch* itself.

(1) The entire portion of the paper dealing with "The Astley-Napoleon Museum," together with the long quotation from it, has no right here. The article is not by Thackeray. It is by Gilbert & Beckett: credited to him in the books, and duly paid for.

(2) Next, Mr. Dickson wonders why "one of the missing sketches," that to the "Second Turkish Letter," which he enables you to reproduce as a tail-piece, did not appear in Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin's re-printed edition. The reason is that it is not by Thackeray. It is by Hine. It is astonishing that anyone claiming familiarity with Thackeray's hand could for a moment attribute this sketch to him. The style and manner are utterly different.

(3) Next, although your contributor declares that the correctness of my marked copy of *Punch* must be accepted as of unquestionable authority, he challenges Gilbert & Beckett's authorship of the "Assumption of Aristocracy," which I correctly affirm in my "History of *Punch*." He says that the "inscription is clearly by Thackeray." It is nothing of the kind. It is as I said; and was credited to a Beckett in the manager's book, and duly paid for.

(4) Next, on the same page, we come to the "burlesque of Mr. George Robins's peculiar methods of advertising" (properly entitled "Sale of Miscellaneous Furniture"). It is not by Thackeray. It is by Gilbert & Beckett. Mr. Dickson further

says that Thackeray's sketch of a card-party is introduced into it "for no apparent reason." If he will look again, he will see that the drawing of these old players appears over the words "The Antique Furniture," and he will recall the cant phrase that used to be applied to elderly persons by the disrespectful.

(5) Next, on the following page, he attributes to Thackeray the article entitled "*Punch's* Condensed Magazine," and he professes to find in it the germ of the "Prize Novelists" of 1847. As a matter of fact, it is not by Thackeray at all. It is by Albert Smith, credited to him in the managerial book, and duly paid for.

(6) Next following there is quoted at full length "Recollections of the Opera." This is not by Thackeray. It is entered to the "Editor"—Mark Lemon. It may possibly have been by an unpaid outsider, if so the remuneration went to Lemon—certainly not to Thackeray. It should be added that the verses are entirely in Mark Lemon's style.

(7) Next, Mr. Dickson attributes to Thackeray the article entitled "Beau Brummell's Statue, Trafalgar Square," and devotes more than two pages of text to it, deducing from it the theory, elaborately worked out, that we have here the basis of "The Four Georges," and "Vanity Fair." But the article is not by Thackeray at all. It is by Douglas Jerrold; entered to him in the managerial book, and duly paid for.

Thus out of ten pages more than four, containing seven gross blunders, are totally apocryphal in character. I say nothing of the pieces which Mr. Dickson has missed; but when it is observed that these four pages contain all but one of Mr. Dickson's original discoveries, the unfortunate character of his work becomes apparent. You say that he gained his knowledge by patient work, his information being derived from sources known only to himself. I have gone into these details to prove to you that these sources of information can be none other than guesswork.

Now, guesswork in this matter is—as is here shown—extremely dangerous, if only because at this time Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Gilbert & Beckett, and Percival Leigh were all treating kindred subjects in a similar strain, while Horace Mayhew's Anglo-French contributions bore a remarkably close resemblance to Thackeray's.

As a student of Thackeray, therefore, believing in your good faith, I hope that these articles in their present state will not be proceeded with, to the confusion and deception of the public; and I undertake to publish without delay the authoritative list of Thackeray's real contributions to *Punch*, as Mr. Dickson invites me to do.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

LONDON, May 18, 1899.

MR. DICKSON'S REPLY

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE CRITIC":

Please accept my thanks for the entertaining letter from Mr. Spielmann, a copy of which I received from you last night.

Mr. Spielmann is aggrieved, as I surmised he would be, and so wrote you some time ago, but I did not expect him to show his disappointment so clearly, or to express it so violently. I took it for granted, as a result of my correspondence with him a couple of years ago, that he intended to do some work of this kind, but as he had not done it after all this time, I saw no reason in the world why someone else should not do it. As to his complaints, seven in number, let me take them up in order.

(1) He says the entire portion of the paper dealing with "The Astley-Napoleon Museum" has no right here, "as it is by Gilbert & Beckett." Well, I did not say Thackeray wrote it. I doubted it somewhat. He did draw the sketch, and I quoted a paragraph from the text that critics might decide for themselves as to the authorship.

(2) The cut in the "Second Turkish Letter" I do credit to Thackeray, and here I am satisfied that Mr. Spielmann is right, and I am wrong in doing so. In inserting it, I should have expressed the doubts I felt as to its being by Thackeray.

(3) I give a cut of the "Assumption of Aristocracy," and say that Mr. Spielmann tells us the text was by à Beckett, but express the opinion that the sketch and "its inscription are clearly by Thackeray." Mr. Spielmann says "it is nothing of the kind." You will note that he says nothing of the drawing, which I still claim was by Thackeray. This drawing, I note, "but distantly illustrates the text," and the line of inscription underneath is not a quotation from the text, unless I mistake; I have not the volume here. If à Beckett was credited and paid for this article, was not Thackeray paid for the sketch? If he was, how can the books show which of the two wrote this single line of inscription? I think it was more likely to be the artist.

(4) The sketch furnished by Thackeray to the "Sale of Miscellaneous Furniture," is all I give of this item. I do not credit the text to Thackeray, and never supposed he wrote it.

(5) I did not say that Thackeray wrote "*Punch's* Condensed Magazine," but I did say he drew the sketches. I thought it probable that the text was also by him, though not sufficiently convinced to justify quotation to any extent. I did say that "here, I think, we find the germ of the 'Prize Novelists' of 1847," and I think so still, even if the germ was supplied by Albert Smith.

(6) Mr. Spielmann informs us that "Recollections of the Opera" was written by the editor, or some unknown author. I quoted the verses on the authority of H. Eitrem, of Kristiania, a competent critic of Thackeray, and if it be an error, as I think likely, I am willing to share it with him. The sketch is unquestionably by Thackeray, a fact which Mr. Spielmann neglects to state.

(7) Nothing hardly could surprise me more, in this connection, than Mr. Spielmann's information that Douglas Jerrold wrote "Beau Brummell's Statue." It is like Thackeray, and not, to my comprehension, like Jerrold. Compare, if you will, George IV. in "The Georges," *Punch*, October 11, 1845, vol. ix., p. 159, or any one of the edition of "Contributions to *Punch*" not previously reprinted. Is it possible the same man did not write both?

Mr. Spielmann says my paper "contains seven gross blunders," and herein he has allowed his chagrin to obliterate all recollection of the ninth commandment. Of his seven complaints, two only are well founded. Of the ten sketches he claims that only one is not by Thackeray, but as that one was drawn as an illustration to one of Thackeray's essays, its appearance here is perfectly proper, and my only error in this was in not expressing my doubt as to the artist.

Let me add just a word. From 1843 to 1846 Thackeray's manner was hardly formed as it later became, and his work is not as certainly to be identified. In looking over these early volumes, I was always doubtful of many items. Later we get on more certain ground. No wonder our kind friend wishes to prevent our treading upon it.

FREDERICK S. DICKSON.

MANESKOOTUK, RANGELEY, MAINE, May 31, 1899.



Thackeray's Contributions to "Punch." III

1846

IN the number of *Punch* for August 15, 1846, a brief paragraph of "Naval Intelligence" shows traces, I think, of Thackeray's handiwork, both in the text and sketch, while on September 19th there appears a description of the trials of Mr. Alured Mogyns de Mogyns which it seems to me only Thackeray could have written. As the article is not long I venture to give it entire.

"WHAT 'S COME TO THE CLUBS?"

"SIR,

"You have been making some observations about the stoppage of Fleet Street, which, I dare say, are remarkably interesting to persons engaged in that part of the town. It seems to me you might just as well object because the road up Mont Blanc was difficult, or there was a stoppage in the streets of Timbuctoo. Dem Fleet Street, Sir; in a word, who the deuce cares about Fleet Street? What I complain of is the shameful state of dilapidation in the Christian end of the town.

"The stoppage in Piccadilly renders one of my clubs impossible to me, and crams Mayfair with thousands of the most unwholesome vehicles, which, I think, will positively *empest* the neighbourhood. A horrible omnibus nearly *écrasé* my Brougham, in Chapel Street, yesterday; and when I remonstrated from the interior, the wretched driver and *conducteur* of the public vehicle *riposté* with a vulgarity of insolence which shook my nerves dangerously. And the state of the clubs: what is that? What resource has a man-about-town but his clubs, and what, I ask, are the clubs at present?

"Yesterday I drove to the Polyanthus, to see if I could get a rubber before dinner; instead of getting in I find—



a rude fellow on a ladder, with a pail barricading the door, and the

club shut for September. 'Drive me to Snooks's, in St. James's Street,' I say to my *gens*. I arrive and find—



the door barricaded, two rude fellows with two pails, and a quantity of painting-brushes and plaster—and Snooks's shut up as the Poly-anthus.

"The Horse Marine Club is also closed. 'Drive me to the Megatherium,' I say, in desperation; and that, at last, is open. I enter and find—what do I find?—



that infernal bore, old SIR JOHN ROARER, who coughs, who snores, who

expectorates, who has the asthma, and reads the papers out loud—the most insufferable nuisance in London, and the only man left here.

"Have the goodness, Sir, on receipt of this, to use what influence you have (1) to get the clubs open, (2) the barricades of Piccadilly removed, and (3) to order SIR JOHN ROARER to leave town, with something in your clever way—and if you call any day at the hotel for CAPTAIN DE MOGYNS's servant, my man will give you something handsome for your trouble.

"Your obedient servant,

"ALURED MOGYNS DE MOGYNS.

"I need not say that business of importance obliges me to be in London: but a DE MOGYNS need not excuse himself for being in any place at any time."

Did Thackeray contribute the "Matrimonial Dictionary" on October 3d? The cut is certainly his, and the text, while not remarkably characteristic, is the sort of fooling that he may well have indulged in in 1846. The dictionary is not long and is given here in full, that the readers of THE CRITIC may judge for themselves:



DEAR is a term of entreaty, usually employed before strangers. It is meant to imply affection. It is sometimes used at home, but is generally received with suspicion.

MY DEAR. The above, with a slight infusion of dignity.

DUCK. A term of affection that goes in with the wedding-day, and goes out with the honeymoon.

DUCKEY. The comparative of DUCK.

TOOTSY, MOOTSY, and all words ending in *tsy*, are terms of great endearment. The exact meaning of them has never been ascertained. They are never heard after thirty.

PSHA! A powerful contradiction, or involuntary dissent.

NONSENSE. A negative of intense contempt.

DEARY ME. An exclamation of great impatience—a word expressive of the fidgets.

BOTHER means trouble, irritation, teasing, vexation. It is a word of petulant anger in great request. "Don't bother me" is equivalent to the French "*tu m'embêtes*."

LOVE is only used when coaxing is required, as "Do, there's a love." It is also a superlative, conveying the highest praise, *ex. gr.*: "The love of a fellow." "The love of a goose."

TOODLEDUMS, see **TOOTSY.**



Is this Mr. Titmarsh again upon the trail of poor "Louis Philippe Orleans" with a criticism upon the Spanish marriage of Montpensier to the Princess Luisa? Louis Philippe is arraigned before the *High Court of Public Opinion* and the sketch as well as the text is much in Thackeray's manner.

One can imagine Thackeray seated on the sands at Margate, pad on knee, writing his "Theatrical Intelligence Extraordinary" for the number for October 17th, when the stout lady on the diminutive donkey gives him an unconscious pose and she is promptly reproduced on the waiting page to appear in her glory in *Punch*.

"PEEL's last pension was one of twenty-five pounds a year to JOHN LLOYD, for services rendered by his ancestors to CHARLES THE SECOND, after the battle of Worcester," says Mr. Punch on October 24th, in an article entitled, "A Perilous Precedent," and here it is possible that Thackeray wielded both pen and pencil.



THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

"We have not the least knowledge who JOHN LLOYD's ancestors may have been," continues Mr. Punch, "but we hear that they were the worthy PENDERELL family who sheltered CHARLES at Boscobel, gave him a leg up into the royal oak, stole sheep to make him collops, lent him suits of clothes, shaved him, and performed other services which kings are apt to receive when fugitive, and to forget when restored to the throne. The worst of this precedent is, that ever since JOHN LLOYD received his first quarterly £6 5s., the Treasury has been be-

sieged with people whose ancestors have been of service to royalty at remote periods."

Mr. Punch then goes on to enumerate some of these applicants for pensions, and finds amongst them the innumerable great grandson of the celebrated neatherd Athelney who desires compensation "for board, lodging, and washing" furnished his late Majesty ALFRED THE GREAT, A.D. 879, at the rate of 1s. a day, for a matter of six months, with arrears of interest, and the pension now claimed is said to amount to £40,000 per annum. Then we have the seventeenth grand-nephew of BLONDEL the minstrel who desires compensation for the expenses of a professional tour undertaken by the harpist for the benefit of *Cœur-de-Lion*, with extra allowances for losses on concerts given in small towns. Another set of very clamorous claimants are the representatives of the celebrated robber who protected the children of her Majesty



A PERILOUS PRECEDENT.

QUEEN MARGARET OF ANJOU. It is noted however that the claimants are a collateral branch, the direct line having been all hanged or transported. In this matter an action of *Assumpsit* for "work and labour" is threatened. "Then we have the descendants of the gentleman who helped RICHARD THE THIRD to a horse at the Battle of Bosworth Field, having stolen the animal for the purpose, in reliance on RICHARD's rash promise to give 'his kingdom' for the quadruped; for which he received nothing whatever, and narrowly escaped hanging from HENRY THE SEVENTH."

I have searched in vain for the familiar "specs" in the three sketches which follow here and which are taken from *Punch* for October 24th. How cunningly does Thackeray at times conceal his mark. Often it is in plain sight all the time, but just where no one would expect to find it. On an old lady's cap, the back of a chair, the rump of a horse, or apparently lying on a table. But, mark or no mark, who doubts that Thackeray drew these smiling maids and bold warriors?

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE

"KNIGHTSBRIDGE, October 20, 1846.

"OF course, dear Mr. Punch, I don't pry into other people's affairs, and am above peeping at my neighbours. Such conduct is unbecoming a *gentlewoman*, and I flatter myself I am of that order.

"But quite promiscuously, last Sunday, as I happened to be looking out after church, what was my astonishment at seeing BETSY and MARIA, MISS PHILLICODDY's two maids, laughing and giggling out of the three-pair front, whereon one of them actually kissed her hand in the most

unblushing manner!

"Surprised at this *phenomena*, I looked across the street, and there I saw two horrid *whiskered* guardsmen making signals with their odious fingers.

"Ought I to tell MISS PHILLICODDY? My brother says I had



best leave it alone; but this I know, that our village is pestered by these horrid men; and that I can't walk the street but in *daily terror*.

"Your obedient
Servant,
"AMANDA GORGON."

There is little doubt, too, that Thackeray drew the gentleman with the

Jewish cast of countenance who is gazing through his opera-glasses in the paragraph on "Theatrical Astronomy," in the same number of *Punch*; and again, though without any mark, the sketch which accompanies a short article on "Provincial Theatricals" in the number for October 31st is so like Thackeray and the text so characteristic of his manner that I cannot forbear quoting it in full.

"PROVINCIAL THEATRICALS

"The drama has, we are happy to say, been flourishing in the provinces. We attended a country theatre a few nights ago, where we found a juvenile tragedian, in a stock dress, saying to a young lady in



stiff white muslin, 'I once loved yer, but now I hate yer,' and the heavy man refusing vigorously to be 'hounded and untied by a hup-



PROVINCIAL THEATRICALS.

start hurchin.' All this was refreshing; but nothing was more delicious than to find the *Lady of the Lake* inviting *Fitzjames* to partake of her hospitality at a little round table, like a three-legged stool run to seed, with nothing on it but a black bottle. WALTER SCOTT'S poetry was magnificent in the mouths of the various members of the dramatic corps, but our delight knew no bounds when *Rhoderick Dhu*, rushing in with two supernumeraries a little after his proper time, exclaimed—

'These are Clan Alpine warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am RHODERICK (a little
over) DHU.'

"Young *Malcolm Graeme* we recognised as an old gentleman who had been officiating as box-keeper during the first piece, and we purchased a play-bill of the *Macduff*, who had come round to the front at the conclusion of *Macbeth*. *Macduff* also superintended the soda-water stall and refreshment cupboard during the intervals of his professional occupation. After killing *Macbeth*, he hurried round to preside at the stall, while the local POMONA went round among the audience with 'apples, oranges, nuts, and pears, ginger-beer and bottled porter!' We fancied *Fleance* putting out the lamps at the end of the performance. We are quite sure that *Duncan* called up our fly to the door when we quitted the theatre."



TALES FOR THE MARINES.

Thackeray undoubtedly contributed more than one sketch to the "Tales for the Marines," but only one, that to "Tale the Eighth"

published November 7th, bears the "specs," and we reproduce this brave Highlander for the benefit of the readers of THE CRITIC. In



TREATMENT OF PICTURES IN
THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

the same number we find an amusing sketch on the "Treatment of Pictures in the National Gallery" in which it is claimed that "the charwomen employed to scrub the floors of the National Gallery are so conscientiously anxious to do a fair day's work, that when the boards are sufficiently scarified with the brush, the remainder of the day is devoted to the scrubbing of the pictures." The sketch at least is Thackeray's.

On November 12th appears "The Court Apollo," with a small initial by Thackeray. It has never been reprinted in full and its only appearance in part to my knowledge is in H. Eitrams' "Explanatory Notes on the Book of Snobs," Kristiana, 1897, where the first four stanzas are given. The whole piece, with its prose introduction, is given here.

"THE COURT APOLLO"



SIMILAR to MOSES, the tailor, the Court keeps a poet, but, unlike MOSES, makes no use of him. This is a pity. Why should the laureateship be a sinecure? There are many who would undertake it on condition of writing a poem every day. A diurnal subject would be supplied in the movements of the Court, which, being intrinsically dignified, are well worthy of poetic celebration, instead of being chronicled in that poor prose which comes out as the Court Circular. We venture to exemplify this assertion.

The dew-drop glistened on the thorn,
The sunbeam glimmer'd on the brook;
The QUEEN her early walk this morn
Together with PRINCE ALBERT took.

Their usual pony exercise
Took, this forenoon, the children royal.
Oh! pleasing sight unto the eyes
Of all spectators truly loyal.

At half-past twelve PRINCE ALBERT went
The sport of shooting to pursue;
His Royal Highness homeward bent
His princely steps to lunch at two.

The Royal Pair this afternoon,
Took in the Park their wonted drive;
Returning to the Castle soon,
That is, five minutes after five.

At half-past eight our gracious QUEEN
 And Prince the stout sirloin discuss'd;
 And Hesse-Homburg's LANDGRAVINE,
 Arriving, joined the sphere august.

The Coldstream and the private band
 This evening in attendance were;
 And polka, waltz, and saraband
 With tuneful thunder rent the air."

There are several other sketches, undoubtedly by Thackeray, in this volume, which have never been reprinted, but they are of minor interest. There are again a number of clever bits which Thackeray may very well have done, among them being the receipt for curry in verse on page 221, but I do not feel certain enough of his authorship to quote them here. The initial which serves to illustrate "The Popular Movement," which at the time was dancing at the Baths in



THE POPULAR MOVEMENT.



MUSIC IN EBONY.

Holborn, appeared on December 26th, and on the opposite page there is a small sketch on "Music in Ebony," an article satirizing the rage for negro melodies at the time, and declaring that "it is to be expected that Kentucky will shortly produce a Handel, Maryland a Mozart, or Virginia a black Beethoven. St. Cecilia assuredly must blush for Europe, if she does not at once change her color for sable."

FREDERICK S. DICKSON.





John White Alexander

Portrait-Painter, Decorator, Illustrator

THOUGH he has attained excellence in many walks of art, it is chiefly as a painter of portraits that the subject of this sketch should be considered. But his portraits are pictures. Over and above the likeness, which is all that the sitter and the public demand, he concerns himself with the composition of line and color precisely as though he were painting an ideal picture. Hence there is something of what we call style about his most realistic portraits, and a painting by him of the belle of the season shows much the same pictorial qualities as, for instance, his imaginative figure of Keats's heroine mourning over her pot of basil. The latter picture, which belongs to the Boston Museum of Art, may serve as an example of some of the painter's most characteristic tendencies. It is markedly simple and harmonious. The sweeping lines of the dress of the leaning figure, and its broad spaces of black and white, recall those of Japanese prints by Koriusai or Outamaro.

But Mr. Alexander has only taken a hint from the Japanese, and has searched for and found his harmonies of line and color in nature, while others, setting nature aside, have still further conventionalized, without feeling or purpose, the already too conventional art of the Far East. Again, Mr. Alexander has by no means confined himself to studies of this one kind. He has avoided mannerism and given free play to a versatile imagination by every now and then at-

tacking other problems, as in the "Woman Reading," and in certain portraits painted in direct sunlight out-of-doors. And in his illustrations and his decorations in the Library of Congress he has shown himself capable of bringing out the significance of a subject, of giving to his figures a dramatic force and expressiveness which might be envied by many a painter of genre or of "history."

John W. Alexander was born in Pittsburgh, about thirty-five years ago. One of the few happenings which stand out as events in a quiet career of work and study is that of a boat voyage down the Ohio and



From Harper's Magazine

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ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE PRIZE FUND BENEFICIARY" BY J. W. ALEXANDER

the Mississippi in company with Robert Burns Wilson. He and the poet spent months in their skiff, which they had covered with a Conestoga wagon-top, sketching, floating, and idling. In this long vacation, taken just after leaving school, he worked off the feeling of unrest so common at that age; and, on his return, he settled in New York as an illustrator, mainly for Harper publications, at which sort of work he spent about three years. Then, his health failing, he went abroad for two years, studying in Munich and in Italy (though he never entered a painting class), and examining all the great picture-galleries of the old world. He was perhaps most impressed, at this time, by the paintings of Velasquez in the Madrid gallery. For the past seven years he has lived a great deal in Paris, though he has made several visits to his native country. His compatriots see evidence of French influence in his work, mostly in his pronounced feeling for style; but in Paris he is reckoned as distinctively an American painter. Though he was

awarded a medal for drawing in the Munich schools, he, as has been said, never studied painting there. He has in this way escaped acquiring the excited German manner of handling the brush, and has remained open to more wholesome influences. One of these has been the example of Whistler, for whose simple, straightforward method of work he professes the greatest admiration. He has been personally acquainted for many years with the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and, like other young painters, has invariably found him sympathetic and generous. In Venice, as a member of the



MR. JAMES W. ALEXANDER
(From the painting by John W. Alexander)

Duveneck school, which included about twenty-five young Americans, he received more than one valuable hint from Whistler, who was staying there at the same time. But his originality has been in nowise overshadowed by all these influences; rather (as is usually the case when a man is able to assimilate instruction from various sources) has it grown and developed in proportion to the number and variety of the suggestions received from others.

Most of Mr. Alexander's paintings have been produced since his second residence in Europe. Among the more important are "Re-

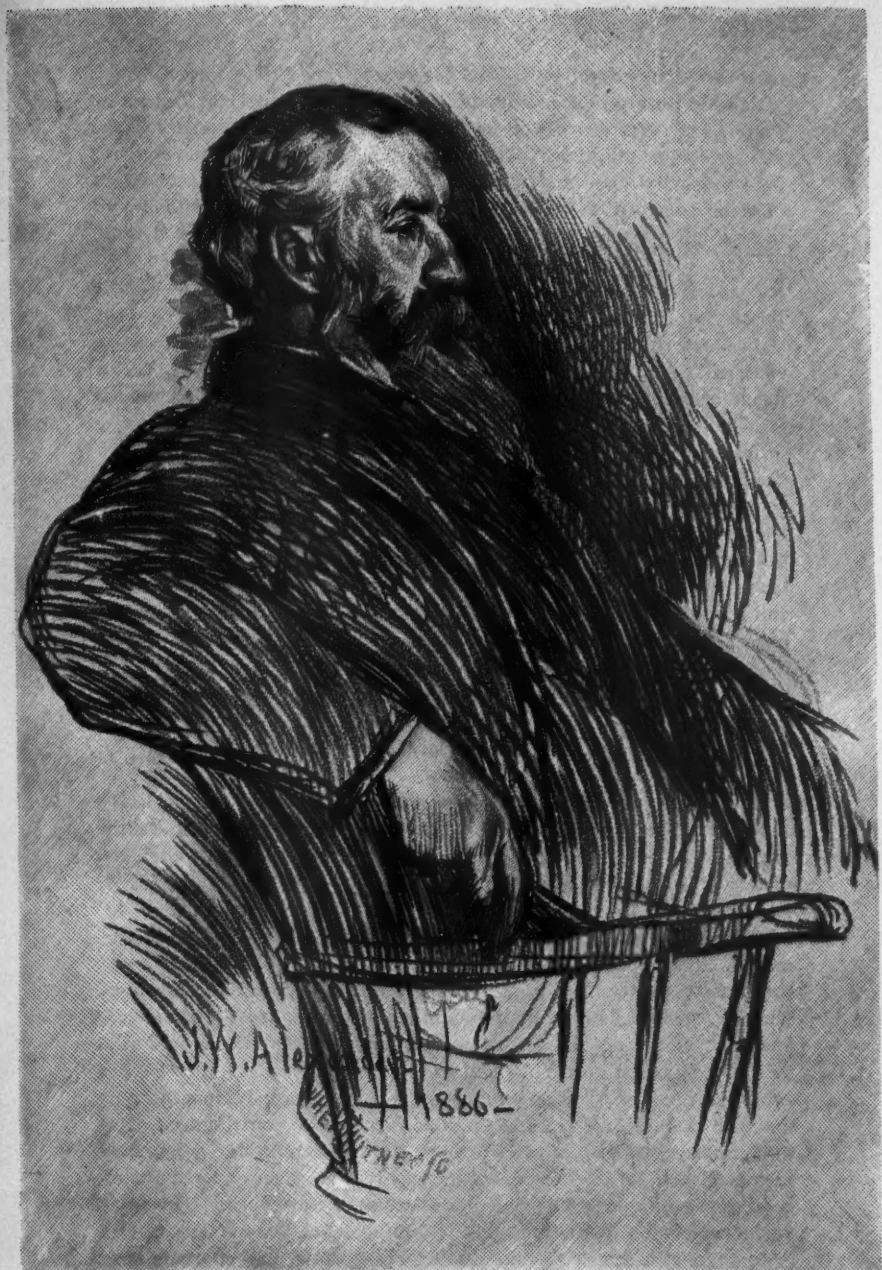
pose," a female figure prone on a sofa, remarkable as a study of outline; "Woman Reading," in a room in which the light falling on the floor in the foreground, and not seen in the picture, is reflected in the mirror on the wall above the reading figure, which is seated in a semi-obscurity beneath—a difficult problem in values; and "The Mirror," another study of sweeping lines of drapery in a harmony of golden



"THE MIRROR"

(From the painting by J. W. Alexander)

yellow and greens. This last belongs to Mr. J. J. Cowan, a Scotch collector. "The Yellow Girl," leaning over the end of her sofa to tease a cat lying on the floor, is an essay in yellow and black, as is, in another way, the "Portrait of Mme. B——," in black silk, black lace, and black beads contrasting with her brilliant complexion and golden hair. "Femme Rose" is a harmony in pink and crimson. The titles



of these pictures and of "The Blue Dress" and "The Green Bow," which has been purchased by the French Government,—the last a lady tying a knot of green ribbon in her hair,—are enough to testify to the painter's constant preoccupation with color harmonies. The dominant note is usually echoed in the accessories of the picture, and just enough of some contrasting hue is introduced to give point and brilliancy to the whole. Among other portraits, Mr. Alexander has painted those of Mrs. Randolph Coolidge of Boston, of Mr. Thurlow Weed, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, President McCosh of Princeton, Chief-Justice Beasley of New Jersey, and Mr. John Burroughs. The study for the last is reproduced here as an example of the painter's work in charcoal. He has painted also Walt Whitman, Miss Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain, and Miss Annie Russell, whose likeness has been copied for this article. We must not forget the fine decorative series of lunettes, illustrating the Evolution of the Book, in the new Congressional Library. From the commemorative cairn piled up by a wandering tribe of savages, from the tale told by an Arab story-teller, we proceed to the Red Indian's effort to perpetuate on a painted skin his memories of the chase and the conflict, to the Egyptian's sculptured hieroglyphics, the mediæval illuminator's work with pen and brush, and to the invention of the printed book. In every scene the meaning is so clearly brought out that there is no place for the customary explanatory legend; and, from the decorative point of view, nothing can be more pleasing than the large masses and simple, graceful lines of the compositions.

Mr. Alexander is a member of many foreign and American societies. He is a *sociétaire* of the Society of the Champs de Mars, member of the Austrian Society of Painters, the English International Society, the French Société Internationale, the Society of American Artists, and the Society of American Painters of France. He feels strongly on the need of a yearly international exhibition in New York. We are provincial, narrow, cut off from the artistic movement of the rest of the world. Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia, are ahead of us in this matter. These cities send to Europe and secure a liberal selection of the best of the world's work for the year. They pay all expenses. They arrange the dates of their exhibitions so that pictures, after having been shown at one exhibition, can be forwarded to another. Philadelphia comes last on the list, and so secures the cream of all the other exhibitions. New York ought to adopt this plan, for it is from this port that the pictures are returned to their European contributors. But though the paintings pass twice through the city, coming and going, they are never seen here. The consequence is that the places named are becoming more important as artistic centres than New York. The manner in which the exhibitions of our National Academy of Design are conducted also seems to him excessively narrow and short-sighted. What should be a really national institution is practically a close corporation, managed for the benefit of a few of its members. If a for-

eigner or an American residing abroad sends a picture to an Academy exhibition, he does so at his own risk and charges, and his contribution, though it may be far superior to the average of the exhibition, is pretty sure to be relegated to the corridor if, indeed, it is shown at all. This selfish policy has kept the Academy stock-still for the last twenty



MISS ANNIE RUSSELL

(From the painting by J. W. Alexander)

years; yet it expects the public to contribute to the erection of its new buildings. Mr. Alexander maintains that while it adheres to its present illiberal policy it will remain unworthy of support. The Society of American Artists has made a beginning in the way of importing each year a few foreign pictures; but there is need that much more should be done in this way if New York is not to fall hopelessly behind in the race.

Edward Noyes Westcott

Author of "David Harum"

EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT was born in Syracuse, New York, September 27, 1847, and died there of consumption, March 31, 1898. His father was Dr. Amos Westcott, one of the conspicuous citizens of that city a generation or more ago, and at the beginning of the Civil War its mayor. Edward was educated in the public schools and in the High School, and then, instead of going to college, as he greatly desired to do, he found it necessary to enter upon a business career. Although he felt this disappointment very keenly, yet it may safely be said that aside from the discipline which he would have received at a university, he lost but little. With his receptive mind and retentive memory, he in time acquired, by his own efforts, an immense store of useful and ready knowledge.

The active years of Mr. Westcott's life were wholly devoted to business, beginning as a junior clerk in the Mechanics' Bank of Syracuse, and followed by two years in New York, in the service of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Returning to Syracuse, he became in turn bank clerk, teller, and cashier; then the head of Westcott & Abbott, bankers and brokers; and finally the registrar and financial expert of the Syracuse Water Commission, which was at that time engaged in installing a new and very costly system of water-supply throughout the city. The routine and drudgery of a business life were always irksome to him; yet being compelled by circumstances to disregard his tastes, he did so most thoroughly, determined to master whatever he undertook, and thus he came to be considered an authority upon all questions of both public and private financiering. In business hours he was always able to subordinate the artistic side of his nature to the requirements of the moment; and it was only in his leisure that he allowed himself freely to follow his bent. Perhaps his greatest pleasure was derived from music, for he had received excellent professional instruction in this art; and possessing a superb barytone voice, he was for many years a distinguished figure in the musical circles of central New York. He was also gifted with a considerable talent for musical composition, and there are many songs in existence to-day, of which he wrote not only the words and air, but the harmony as well. In personal appearance Mr. Westcott was tall and slender, and of a graceful figure; his face was handsome and keenly intellectual. He was married to Jane Dows of Buffalo, New York, who died in 1890, leaving three children, Harold, Violet, and Philip.

It was in the summer of 1895 that Mr. Westcott began "David Harum." He was then living at Lake Meacham in the Adirondacks, where he had gone vainly hoping that the climate would stay the progress of his disease. This was soon after he had finally retired from active business because of the total collapse of his health. At first he

had welcomed the leisure thus forced upon him as giving him a long-delayed opportunity for reading and study; but presently he found it very wearisome and, like Charles Lamb, realized that "*no work is far worse than overwork.*" He had been confined so many years to the steady routine of a banking office that complete freedom almost amounted to an affliction. His chief thought when he first took up his pen was to secure thereby an occupation and an amusement for his idle hours, for while he was conscious of possessing to some extent the creative powers of the literary artist, he had hitherto rarely exercised



EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT, AT 33 YEARS OF AGE

them, and therefore had not gained the confidence that only comes through practice. His first tentative efforts produced what are now substantially the chapters nineteen to twenty-four: that is, the scene between David and the Widow Cullom, and the Christmas dinner that follows it. These pages constitute the nucleus about which the other chapters were assembled. When the author returned to Syracuse late in the fall of 1895 he hesitatingly showed his work to some of his friends, and was advised and even urged by them to complete it. Up to this time he had experienced few of the joys of authorship; it had all been a downright hard and dogged task. This was partly due to

the novelty of the work, and partly to his lack of self-confidence and doubt as to the value of his labors. But by degrees his interest grew as his characters developed themselves; and by the time he had brought John Lenox and David together in the Homeville banking office he was surprised to find himself taking genuine delight in his work. He derived especial pleasure from David, and often declared that he was "never puzzled as to what David is to say or do next, because he is always ready, long before his turn comes."

Mr. Westcott's method of composition was about as follows: A rough sketch or outline of a chapter was first made with a soft lead



THE HOME OF E. N. WESTCOTT, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

pencil on ordinary copy paper. He then rewrote this draft on a type-writer, making extensive additions and elisions as he went along; and this copy was again revised and reconstructed until the final form was reached. In most cases the chapters were completed in their present order. The principal exceptions are the six mentioned above (Nos. 19 to 24), which were the first written, and the two that are now chapters one and two, which were written last of all, and prefixed to the story as it then stood, in order that David and Aunt Polly might be introduced to the reader at the very beginning. In all he occupied about fifteen months of actual time in writing his book, though a somewhat greater interval than this elapsed between the start and the finish, since there were often days, and even weeks, together when he was unable to write a line because of his physical prostration. Thus he labored, as steadily and carefully as his failing health permitted, during the fall and early winter of 1895; but in the following January he temporarily relinquished all work, and sailed for Italy on a North German Lloyd steamer. In Naples he was for several months the guest of his friend

Major Alexander Henry Davis, whose residence there, overlooking the bay, appears in the story as the Villa Violante. In the spring Mr. Westcott returned home, unimproved in health, and resumed work on his story, but not at first with his former ardor. His interest in it had meantime somewhat abated; his strength was now quite unequal to the prolonged efforts necessary; and especially did he once more begin seriously to doubt the utility of his labors. But from this condition he presently roused himself, and when fairly started he was able to push the book on to the end. The work was finished in the summer of 1896; but was not submitted to a publisher at that time, as the author decided to make some changes first, which in the end were so extensive that he found it necessary to prepare an entirely new copy of the manuscript, comprising in all five hundred and sixty pages.

Then came what was perhaps the hardest and most discouraging task of all—finding a publisher. The book was sent to one house after another until six well-known firms had rejected it; and the author's despair was really tragic. At this time he was confined to his bed, quite helpless; and had finally come to realize that he was never to get up from it. Each rebuff which his book thus received seemed to tell him more and more clearly that his work was without value, and that the many hundreds of weary and painful hours which he had spent in writing it were worse than wasted. But about the end of December, 1897, the manuscript was sent to Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, and their prompt acceptance of it, and the cordial words of commendation which they then expressed, were more welcome to the author than any gift he could possibly have received. His health actually rallied a little in response to the mental exhilaration, but only temporarily, and never sufficiently to enable him to leave his bed. The author did not at all relish the business necessity of shortening the manuscript, for as it then stood it would have made over five hundred printed pages; and at first he positively refused his consent. Who can blame him for this? Was there ever yet a writer who complacently submitted his most precious work to the ruthless editorial axe? The skillful surgeon is a tender and sympathetic friend, yet the patient who lies under his knife may not think him so at the time. Before long, however, Mr. Westcott reluctantly consented to the changes proposed, the work was rapidly completed, and the manuscript sent to the printer. It then became his most earnest desire that he might at least live to read the proofs himself, if not to see the book before the public, and in this his friends hoped with him, although almost knowing it was impossible. And so, indeed, it was, for he died six months before his book appeared, without either knowing or suspecting that it was to receive the extraordinary welcome that has been given it.

FORBES HEERMANS.



Courtesy of

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, ÆT. 23

William Morris

Poet, Novelist, Artist, Socialist

ONE of the pleasantest recollections of a visit to London in 1894 is that of a morning I spent with William Morris at his Kelmscott Press on the Thames at Hammersmith. Nothing less attractive than the new Hammersmith can be imagined, and nothing more attractive than the old quarter of that suburb lying along the banks of the river. Mr. Morris must have been plagued to death with visitors, but he showed no sign of boredom during my visit—perhaps because I insisted upon his smoking his pipe, a pleasure that my appearance in his study had interrupted. Then again we had common interests—books and printing. He showed me over the Press and the Dove Bindery across the street, and talked with me about what he had done in the way of book-making and what he purposed doing. I have seen few handsomer men than William Morris. He looked every inch the poet and artist that he was, and he “dressed the part” too, with his loose sack coat, slouch hat, and floating necktie. With this picture of the man in my mind,



Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. MORRIS'S STUDY, KELMSCOTT HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH.

Courtesy of
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and with the recollection of that morning, I have found a peculiar interest in Mr. Mackail's book.

The long-expected "Life of William Morris," by J. W. Mackail, has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. The book is in two volumes, illustrated with photogravures and pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. E. H. New, the illustrator of the Bodley Head edition of the "Compleat Angler" and White's "Selborne."

Mr. Mackail, the writer of the book, is a son-in-law of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, at whose special request he undertook this biography. I have read a number of reviews of the book in English papers, notably one by Mr. Bernard Shaw in the *Chronicle*. It has been much criticized—why, I do not know, for I have found it highly entertaining. Sir Edward Burne-Jones died before Mr. Mackail finished the book, but not before he had given him much assistance in his work.

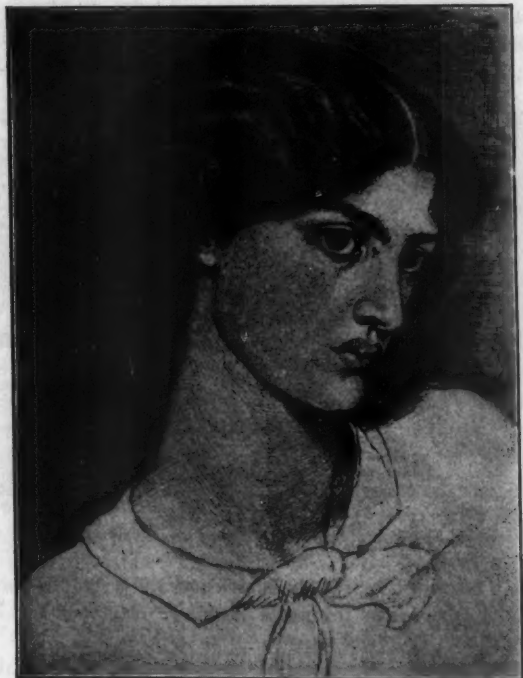
William Morris was the eldest son and third child of William Morris and Emma Shelton, and was born at Elm House, Clay Hill, Walthamstow, on the 24th of March, 1834. His family was of Welsh descent, and his grandfather, it was said, had the Welsh "Ap" before his name. The family was in no way distinguished, but they were good people and well-to-do. Mr. Morris's father was partner in a bill and discount broking house, and the boy's early years were passed in a beautiful old country-house on the borders of Epping Forest. That Woodford Hall, as the house was called, brewed its own beer and churned its own butter was as much a matter of course as that it baked its own bread.

Many of the old festivals were observed. Twelfth Night especially was one of the great days of the year, and the Masque of St. George was presented with considerable elaboration. Among the young Morris's toys was a little suit of armor in which he rode on his pony in the park. He was devoted to Epping Forest to the day of his death and knew every acre of it. As a schoolboy he is described as a "thick-set, strong-looking boy, with a high color and black curly hair, good-natured and kind, but with a fearful temper." After the death of Morris's father, the family moved to a smaller house in the same place. It was a square, heavy Georgian building of yellow brick, surrounded by a moat, where the boys fished, bathed, and boated in summer, and skated in winter.

Morris was educated at Oxford, where he entered at the same time as Edward Burne-Jones, who was destined to be his intimate and lifelong friend. Morris and Burne-Jones made each other's acquaintance within two or three days of their first term. Within a week they were inseparable. There was "that complete and unreserved friendship which is the greatest of all privileges that Oxford life has to bestow." The two young men "went angry walks together in the afternoons and sat together in the evenings reading." "From the first," wrote Burne-Jones, "I knew how different he was from all the men I had ever met.

He talked with vehemence, and sometimes with violence. I never knew him languid or tired. He was slight of figure in those days; his hair was dark brown and very thick; his nose straight; his eyes hazel-colored; his mouth exceedingly delicate and beautiful."

When Morris came of age he came into the uncontrolled disposition of something like £900 per year. This was great wealth for the Oxford circle in which he lived and for a man of his simple habits.



Courtesy of

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

MISS JANE BURDEN, ÆT. 18

(Mrs. William Morris, after a drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti)

However, he and Burne-Jones moved to a new set of rooms in what the latter describes as a "tumbly old building, gable-roofed and pebble-dashed. Little dark passages led from the staircase to the sitting-rooms, a couple of steps to go down, a pace or two, and then three steps to go up; your face was banged by the door, and then inside the room a couple of steps up to a seat in the window, and a couple of steps down into the bedroom. Here one morning just after breakfast he [Morris] brought me in the first poem he ever made." After that no week went by without some poem. Of this first poem Canon Dixon writes: "One night Crom Prince and I went to Exeter and found him

with Burne-Jones. As soon as we entered the room Burne-Jones exclaimed wildly, 'He 's a big poet.' 'Who is?' asked we. 'Why, Topsy'—the name which he had given him. This name, given from his mass of dark curly hair, and generally unkempt appearance, stuck to Morris among the circle of his intimate friends all his life. It was frequently shortened into 'Top.' We sat down," Canon Dixon continues, "and heard Morris read his first poem, the first that he had ever written in his life. It was called 'The Willow and the Red Cliff.' As he read it I felt that it was something the like of which had never been heard before. It was a thing entirely new; founded on nothing previous; perfectly original, whatever its value, and sounding truly



Courtesy of

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

MANOR HOUSE, KELMSCOTT, FROM THE HOMESTEAD

striking and beautiful, extremely decisive and powerful in execution." Unfortunately there is no trace of this poem. It appears to have perished long ago.

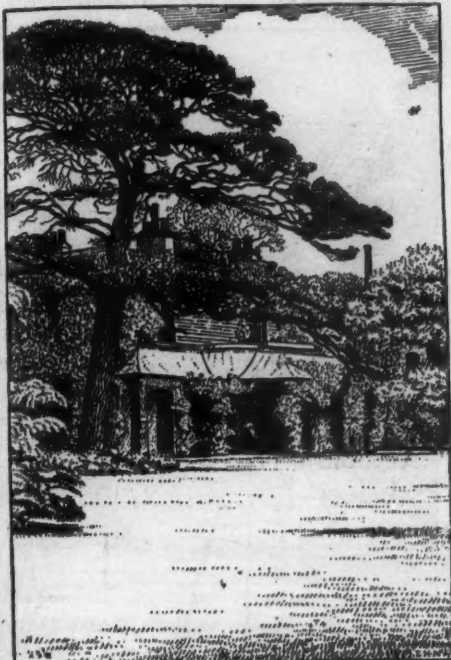
The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was established in Oxford in 1855, with Morris, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Ford Madox Brown among its members. Burne-Jones was not then a painter, but it was not long before he determined to be one, after having made the acquaintance of Rossetti.

Something more than art prolonged Morris's stay in Oxford; it was his acquaintance with Miss Burden, a young lady of the type of beauty especially admired and painted by Rossetti. This lady soon after became Mrs. Morris.

"From the time Morris put on his bachelor's gown," says his biographer, "he never shaved, partly from disinclination to the task and partly because it was the fashion among artists to wear the hair long. His hair remained through life of extraordinary beauty, thick, fine, and strong, with a beautiful curl that made it look like exquisitely wrought metal, and with no parting. It was so strong that he afterwards used

to amuse his children by letting them take hold of it and lifting them by it off the ground. His general appearance at this time—the massive head, the slightly knitted brow, the narrow eyeslits and heavy under-lids, the delicately beautiful mouth and chin only half veiled by the slight beard—is given with great fidelity in a photograph of about this period which is reproduced here, and which also shows the characteristic hands—broad, fleshy, and rather short, with a look about them of clumsiness and ineffectiveness which was absolutely the reverse of the truth. It was a perpetual amazement to see those hands executing the most delicately minute work with a swiftness and precision that no one else could equal. Another portrait of him at this time of his life exists which many people have seen without knowing it. In Rossetti's drawing of Lancelot leaning over the barge of the Lady of Shalott, in the illustrated Tennyson published in 1857 by Moxon and often since reprinted, Lancelot's head was drawn from Morris, and was an admirable likeness. In spite of the imperfection of the woodcutting, which in this, as in the other illustrations that Rossetti contributed to the volume, drove him almost to despair, in spite, too, of the cap which almost conceals the forehead and hair, this head remains, by the account of his early friends, an exact portrait of the man they know."

"In these Oxford days, if we needed models [Sir Edward Burne-Jones wrote], we sat to each other, and Morris had a head always fit for Lancelot or Tristram. For the purposes of our drawing we often needed armor, and of a date and design so remote that no examples existed for our use. Therefore Morris, whose knowledge of all these things seemed to have been born in him, and who never at any time needed books of reference for anything, set to work to make designs for an ancient kind of helmet called a basinet, and for a great surcoat of ringed mail with a hood of mail and the skirt coming below the knees. These were made for him by a stout little smith who had a forge near the castle. Morris's visits to the forge were daily, but what scenes happened there we shall never know; the encounters between these two workmen were always stubborn and angry as far as I could



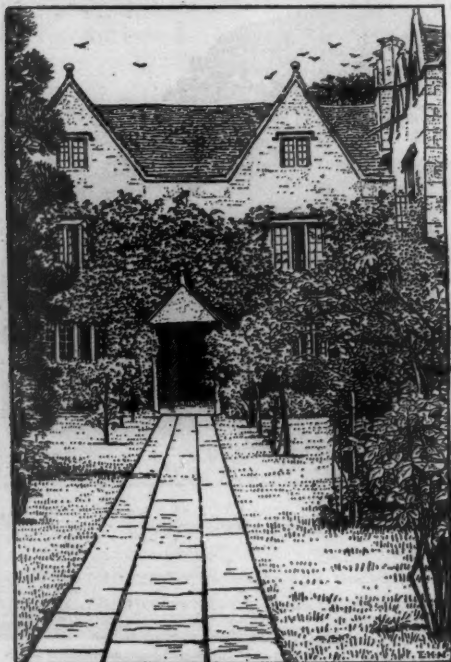
Courtesy of

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MR. WILLIAM MORRIS,
WALTHAMSTOW

see. One afternoon when I was working high up at my picture I heard a strange bellowing in the building, and turning round to find the cause saw an unwonted sight. The basinet was being tried on, but the visor, for some reason, would not lift, and I saw Morris imbedded in iron, dancing with rage and roaring inside. The mail coat came in due time, and was so satisfactory to its designer that the first day it came he chose to dine in it. It became him well; he looked splendid. When it lay in coils on the ground one could lift it with great difficulty, but once put on the body its weight was so evenly ordered that it

was less uncomfortable than any top-coat I ever wore. I have the basinet still, and the sword that was made by the same smith."



Courtesy of

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE MANOR HOUSE, KELMSCOTT

The first notion of the firm of Morris & Co., whose name and wares are world-famous, sprang up among the friends in talk and could not be assigned to any single one of them. "It was," Mr. Mackail writes, "in a large measure due to Madox Brown, but perhaps even more to Rossetti, who, poet and idealist as he was, had business qualities of a high order and the eye of a trained financier for anything that had money in it." To Morris himself, who had not yet been forced

by business experience into being a business man, the firm probably meant little more than a definite agreement for co-operation and common work among friends, who were also artists. Seldom has a business been begun on a smaller capital. Each of the members held one share and the finance of the company began with a call of one pound per share. On this and on an unsecured loan by Mrs. Morris of Leyton, the first year's trading was done. The firm consisted of Madox Brown, D. G. Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Philip Webb, B. P. Marshall, William Morris, and C. J. Faulkner. The first year's venture was not successful financially, but after that its work received its proper appreciation and it made money.

Morris enjoyed the best of health and was a "profound and almost dreamless" sleeper. Within ten minutes of waking in the morning, he had dressed and begun business for the day. He was often at work at his writing or designing or weaving by the summer sunrise. His work was his recreation, but he did occasionally take a day off to go fishing, the only form of sport to which he was thoroughly devoted.

The Manor House at Kelmscott, which is so intimately connected with Morris, was found by accident. He had been living in the Bloomsbury district of London in the neighborhood of the British Museum, and he longed for a country-place. He saw the advertisement of the Kelmscott Manor House, and he could not resist its attractions. It was then very much off the line of travel, being thirty miles from Oxford, with no railway near it, but that, perhaps, was why he loved it. It certainly was a beautiful house and an ideal home for a poet.

Mr. Mackail touches upon Mr. Morris's socialistic views, which he seems to think that he held from boyhood. They were at one time rather violent, but as he grew older they became more modified and took the form of lectures on art and literature to workmen rather than of the expression of incendiary views.

J. L. G.



Courtesy of

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. MORRIS'S BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, KELMSCOTT



Francisque Sarcey *

THE French drama has suffered some very heavy losses during the last few weeks. Edouard Pailleron, the author of that famous master-piece, "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," and Henri Becque, whose comedies, although less popular, have made for themselves an important place in French contemporary literature, have both passed away. Now their deaths are followed by that of the foremost dramatic critic of the century, a man whose name has been associated for forty years with the French theatre, Francisque Sarcey.

Francisque Sarcey was not merely the leading dramatic critic in France; he was one of the most representative and the most widely known of French writers. His name has become a household word all over the country. Nobody has been more attacked, insulted, or ridiculed, and still nobody enjoyed a greater credit and a higher authority even among those who used to sneer at him. You would hardly have found a Frenchman of average culture who would not say, "Oh, Sarcey does not count; he is an old fogey!" and many an author or an actor, who had to complain of him, would pretend to pay no attention whatever to his criticisms. But, in fact, everybody paid great attention to all that Sarcey used to write, and there was not a single Frenchman who dispensed with reading any article by him which might have fallen into his hands. And it was not an easy thing indeed to escape reading Sarcey's articles, since he has contributed to almost every French paper for twenty years.

As a dramatic critic Sarcey was well known. Only the other day Mr. Brander Matthews paid him, in an American review, a high and well deserved tribute. One may even say that this part of his work is the only one likely to survive. His intimate acquaintance with the theatre, his immense experience of the stage, the skill with which he has analyzed the conditions of theatrical success, his ever alert cautiousness, have marked him out as the master of all French critics of the acted drama. Some of his theatrical theories have become classical, and his well-known assertion that in every dramatic plot there must be, and is, what he calls *la scène à faire*, has been universally accepted.

Nobody has ever performed the duties of a dramatic critic with more conscientiousness and indefatigable zeal. For forty years he has spent almost all his evenings in the theatre, and his Paris *confrères* used to say: "Sarcey would not know how to spend his evenings if he could not go to any performance."

The critic made, of course, more enemies than friends by his plain, straightforward, and brusque way of saying what he thought the truth. He had more than one controversy, not merely with the younger authors whose new theatrical theories he always sneered at, pretending to understand nothing of their symbolical and obscure dramas, but even with the greater ones, his friends, who often resented his criti-

* See page 388.

cisms. Becque, whom he has joined in another world, simply hated him, and wrote against him slanderous articles of the most ridiculous kind. In his method of dealing with the *genus irritabile* of authors and comedians he generally got the best of it, and had the laughter on his side. One of his last skirmishes took place with Coquelin, whose acting in the recent rôle of Bonaparte he had rather rudely criticized. Coquelin, very angry, answered with a sharp and aggressive letter in *Figaro*, charging Sarcey with getting old, with having lost all his credit, and with talking mere nonsense. The critic, who had always the advantage of never losing his temper, answered the irate actor in this fashion—I quote from a *feuilleton* of some weeks ago:

“Coquelin thinks that I am getting old; forsooth, we are both getting old, my good fellow; you have just realized it yourself in playing Bonaparte. You divide my life into two parts. Until 1880 I was the ‘national critic’; at that time I turned into an old foggy. I think you are mistaken; the lines of demarcation are not so distinct. I have my days like everybody else, and what is extraordinary about it is that my days correspond to yours. When you play Petruccio in ‘La Mégère Apprivoisée,’ I am, the next day, full of talent and of wit; you have no sooner played Fanfan la Tulipe than I become an idiot. You play Labussière in ‘Thermidor,’ I rise again to the rank of the national critic. You play Col. Roquebrune by Ohnet, I return to the old foggy. You play Cyrano de Bergerac, behold me extolled to the skies. You play Bonaparte, I am no more than an old fool. Well, my dear Coquelin, I entreat you, play only good rôles and play them always perfectly. If you do not do it for your own, do it at least for my sake.”

But Sarcey had not only to rebuke, in that way, his angry victims; he had to encourage young and old actors, who called upon him day and night to beg for a word in his next *feuilleton*, or to complain of his too severe criticisms. It seems as if their whole career would depend on his verdicts. In one of his very last articles to be received here, he speaks of a young *débutante* whom a few words of his had made desperate, and who came to him with tears, exclaiming, “I am lost, and you are to blame!” Good old Sarcey, very much grieved, did his best to comfort her, and repaired the evil by telling the story in his next article, adding these words, which were the best compensation she could expect: “She will find her way, all right. She is pretty, amiable, and has a sweet voice.”

Another of his recent quarrels was called the “Affaire Guilbert-Sarcey,” which was started by his declaration that Yvette’s art had retrograded instead of improved. Yvette maintained, with her feminine humor, that, as Sarcey bought his seat, he was no critic, but a mere spectator, and had lost the privilege of public abuse. To which he replied:

“Mlle. Yvette Guilbert seems much surprised that I should have paid thirty francs to hear her sing the other day. After hearing her I understand her astonishment. She may calm herself. I shall not get caught again. However, I only half regret the expense. It is true that the songs of Mlle. Yvette Guilbert are lugubrious and sung with

insupportable affectation, but her letters are a joy. Would to God that her songs were as gay as her letters!

"Believe me, mademoiselle, instead of wasting your time writing letters, useless at best, you would do better to meditate upon the advice of a critic who may be right, even though he paid for his seat. That critic strongly supported and praised you when you first appeared, because you then gave new life to the light, popular song by a little grain of originality, because you had your own manner and talent. It is not he who has changed."

But if, as a theatrical critic, Sarcey is responsible for many tears and much grinding of teeth, on the lecture platform he never aroused anything but storms of applause and laughter. Never was known a lecturer who knew better how to interest and captivate an audience. Sarcey was not what may be called a great orator; he did not always talk fluently or correctly, but his delivery was so natural and so original, his eloquence so familiar and often so commonplace, his humor and wit so spontaneous, that, from the moment of his beginning, his audience was spellbound.

He lectured in many theatres in Paris, and in the provinces; the result was always the same, and his success was tremendous. He spoke without notes, being short-sighted, extemporizing his whole speech in a way no purist would have approved, indulging in jokes that were not of the most delicate kind, leaving many sentences unfinished, and completing by a mere gesture an idea he had not time enough to develop. Often he hesitated for a word, and got it from a spectator, whom he thanked. He stopped to ask what time it was, and then went on with a new fervor and a volubility which carried away his whole audience and made his lectures end amid a tempest of laughter and cheers.

Had Sarcey been only a critic and a lecturer, his notoriety, very large indeed, would have been limited to the cultivated *bourgeoisie* interested in literature. But he was more than anything else a journalist and had been a journalist all his life. His vocation revealed itself in the lycée of Chaumont, where as professor he received one day, like his colleagues, a circular from the Department of Public Instruction, urging all teachers to cut their whiskers and to present themselves before their pupils with a smooth face. Sarcey had always worn a full beard. Moreover, during those times of the Second Empire, he resented, like all university men, the tyrannical rule of a narrow-minded administration. That silly circular, and the natural *esprit frondeur*, very frequent among the young men of that day, all imbued with Voltairianism, inspired him with an answer as witty as it was irreverent, in which he asked the leave of keeping his whiskers. The Administration did not appreciate the joke, and sent the impertinent teacher far away to a third-rate college of Brittany. It was enough to make him realize that he had not the temper of an office-holder, and he began to long after the life of Paris, where his dear friend About was already making his way in literature. From Grenoble he sent his

first article to the *Figaro*, and he has told in his "Souvenirs" how proud he felt the first time he saw himself in print, how angry he was at the printer's blunders, how he watched, in the cafés, people reading his article, and was tempted to interrupt them, and to exclaim: "Here is a mistake! don't you see?"

Once in Paris, owing both to his indefatigable work and his vivid style, he soon marked himself out as one of the most successful of journalists, and from that time, 1859, his life was twofold: he spent his evenings in the theatre, and during the day he wrote his articles. His articles were of the kind called in French newspapers *chroniques*, and dealt with all timely topics other than political. Sarcey gave to that sort of article a stamp of his own. First of all, his style was the clearest imaginable, couched in plain and sound French, full of familiar and even slang expressions. In the second place, he treated of all kinds of subjects which are of interest to the average reader, attacking abuses of the administration, supporting little reforms, discussing little questions of language or of ethics, urging the simplification of orthography, commending vegetarianism, telling stories which had happened to himself, his family, and his friends—in short, entertaining his readers with the very things they cared for. It was hard sometimes to look into a newspaper whether in Paris, Bordeaux, or Marseilles, without meeting with an article in which Sarcey was telling his last story in his usual unpretentious, amusing way, just as if he knew all his readers personally, and as if they knew him. Very often, boys used, for fun, to imitate Sarcey's style, and some years ago, one of the comic papers of Paris, *Le Chat Noir*, used to publish every week a long editorial, written in the old journalist's ordinary vein, with his customary expressions, and to sign it boldly, Francisque Sarcey. Of course the articles were extravagant and ludicrous, and Sarcey, more than once, received indignant letters from some of his candid provincial admirers, saying: "How can you, Mr. Sarcey, a respectable old gentleman, stoop to such vulgarities?" But Sarcey did not mind such pleasantries, nor did he complain of being, ten times every year, impersonated on the stage by those young authors who called him their "uncle." He was a philosopher. His great strength lay in his good temper, which he kept, said he, by working hard and by paying no attention to those who accused him of being a "vieille bête."

The only time he aroused bitter feeling among people other than comedians was when he mixed in politics and led, in About's paper, *Le XIX^e Siècle*, his famous campaign against Clericalism, which ended with the defeat of the minister, De Broglie, and the reactionary party of the so-called "Seize Mai," during the years 1877, 1878, and 1879. From a purely literary standpoint this was a splendid record, in which both About and Sarcey showed themselves good disciples of their master, Voltaire, and displayed against Clericalism marvellous resources of cunning wit, of skill, and of able, scholarly reasoning. But

like Voltaire they were not always fair, and their polemics were stamped with a narrowness, prejudice, and bad faith which can only be excused and accounted for if we remember that they were, at that time, struggling against a still powerful foe who imperilled in France all ideas, doctrines, and institutions dear to free and liberal men.

When the fight was over, Sarcey turned back to vegetarianism and philology, and devoted himself to impressing upon the minds of the public the necessity of tolerance, mutual concessions, and fair play; treating all his subjects with his same old familiarity, his same old sincerity, and especially with his same old common-sense, which always has been his main, and one may say his most useful, quality, since common-sense is far from being the "common thing" Descartes claimed it to be. He spent almost all his time in Paris and during the summer in his little cottage of Nanterre, surrounded by a very large family, which was increased until the last years of his life. His youngest son is about twelve years old; his eldest daughter has married a well-known Parisian *littérateur*, Mr. Adolphe Brisson, the editor of one of the most popular literary weeklies in France. In his house in the rue de Douai, in Paris, he practised a very large hospitality, and to his luncheons were regularly invited many actors and writers.

Until his very last days he faithfully kept his pledge never to accept any honor or official title. He was not even a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and ten years ago, when urged to accept a seat in the French Academy, to succeed the great dramatist, Émile Augier; he refused, stating publicly that it was a matter of principle not to impair, in the least degree, the quality he was most proud of, namely, his independence. His death, which seems the more unexpected because he enjoyed splendid health, deprives the French dramatists of their soundest judge and the people of their most popular adviser.

With this hearty, robust old man, whose hoary-bearded face will be seen no more at the Paris "premières," disappears not merely one of the best known among the so-called *figures parisiennes*, but a thoroughly representative Frenchman, the last survivor of that glorious generation of 1848, which gave to France such men as Taine, Weiss, Prévost Paradol, About, Challemlacour, and has done so much to maintain the traditions of free thinking, of liberalism, and of clear, broad common-sense.

OTHON GUERLAC.

The Author of "The Conjure Woman," * Charles W. Chesnutt

WHEN a book is favorably reviewed from Maine to California, when the stories in it are said to be "fresh, vivid, dramatic sketches" in "a new and delightful vein," when the narrator of these stories, Uncle Julius, is called not only "a cousin once removed," but "own brother" to Uncle Remus, a new character in whose portrait "there

* See page 526.

is not a line out of place,"—we are naturally led to inquire who is the creator of this character, shrewd, and at the same time naïf as a child. Mr. Chesnutt has once or twice been referred to recently as "a new writer." But any close follower of magazine literature for the past ten years is familiar enough with his name to pronounce such a statement very far wide of the mark. This volume of stories, "The Conjure Woman," is his first book, but his first published story appeared some fourteen years ago in McClure's Syndicate.

Mr. Chesnutt was born of Southern parents forty years ago in Cleveland. When he was ten years old, almost immediately after the war, his parents moved to North Carolina, where the boy grew familiar with the country described in his book. The educational advantages of North Carolina were not at that time good, but he enjoyed exceptional opportunities, and profited by them. Perhaps the fact that the boy was exceptional accounts for the exceptional opportunities. Talent develops itself in spite of mediocre teachers. At sixteen years of age the young student began to teach as pupil-teacher. At twenty-three, he became Principal of the State Normal School at Fayetteville, where he taught for two years. Although nominally his education was no more advanced than the grammar-school grade with some higher branches, yet by private study and wide reading the youthful principal gained a knowledge of the classics, of French and German, and, as his stories show, of pure English and of general literature. Like many literary men of the present generation, he received his college training from life. He was his own professor—a pupil-teacher.

After a time Mr. Chesnutt tired of life in the South, and longed for wider opportunity. Accordingly he went to New York City, where he remained six months as reporter for a Wall Street news agency and for one of the daily papers. At the end of the six months he came to Cleveland, where he has ever since lived. Here he studied law in the office of Judge Samuel E. Williamson, now general counsel of the New York Central Railroad. During this period of study he wrote in a desultory way, contributing to various magazines and newspaper syndicates. The most of his time has been given to court reporting, a profession at the head of which he has stood for a number of years; and so great has been his interest in literature that he has devoted himself to writing, somewhat to the neglect of law.

At a very early age Mr. Chesnutt felt the desire to write, but his first story was not published until he reached maturity, in 1885. This story was a pathetic tale of Southern life, called "Uncle Peter's House." It was followed by other stories, for the most part of negro life, which he painted with that sympathy and suggestive touch indicating the kinsman allied to the artist. These stories were published by newspaper syndicates, and in *Puck*, *Tid-Bits*, *Two Tales*, *The Independent*, *The Overland Monthly*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and other magazines. The first few stories in "The Conjure Woman" appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* ten years ago; the last, "Hot-Foot Hannibal," in the issue

of January, 1899. Several other tales of plantation life in a different vein—tales not included in "The Conjure Woman"—have been from time to time published in that magazine. Perhaps the most striking of these is "The Wife of His Youth," which appeared less than a year ago. In this story Mr. Chesnutt shows a surprising sympathy with the negro people, and with the conditions under which they are obliged to live. He treats a difficult subject delicately and with the skill of an artist. In all his work he faces the problems of the race to which he in part belongs, and treats them with the critical ability of the lawyer, yet with that degree of partisanship which tempers justice with mercy. Underneath the humor and light touch of some of his stories is a tragic vein, sometimes lightened to pathos, and a philosophy which make his sincerest admirers feel that Mr. Chesnutt's best work is still before him. A writer whose philosophy of life is constructive, and not destructive, can safely count on the future.

CAROLYN SHIPMAN.

"The Fowler"*

FOR three successive mornings three different members of the household have been late to breakfast.

Constantia, who was the tardy one this morning, remarked, casually and sufficiently, as she came in, "I sat up late last night, reading 'The Fowler.'"

"How far did you read?" asked Marcus, in a tone of interest.

"To where she begins to escape."

"That's where I stopped the night before," said the Third One.

"And I, the night before that," said Marcus.

"There's really no good place to stop before," complained Constantia.

"No," admitted Marcus, dryly, "the chapters have an uncomfortable way of ending in the middle of things. Miss Harraden seems to have learned something about plot construction since she wrote 'Ships that Pass in the Night.'"

"I don't see why you say that. I thought 'Ships that Pass' was very interesting."

"Interesting, yes, the characters and situation. But the plot was nothing—if you remember—simply a wobbling, tottering framework. Now 'The Fowler' runs straight from start to finish without a break."

"I suppose you would call the handling more 'masculine,'" commented Constantia, irreverently.

"I should, indeed—but full of feeling—feminine, that is—in depth and atmosphere," returned Marcus, gallantly.

"And such a delightful burr in the style," added the Third One.

"It is a good, honest piece of art-work," continued Marcus,

* By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; London: Blackwood & Son.

"though the motive is as old as the hills—the evil charm of a vicious nature over a clean, wholesome one."

"What Walter Pater would call 'broadly human,'" put in the Third One.

"I don't see much broadness to it," said Constantia, "I think that Theodore Bevan was just a mean, contemptible sneak. He was n't even——"

"Gently, Constantia; Nora found him irresistible."

"He hypnotized her," said Constantia, scornfully.

"Ah, that is a part of Miss Harraden's art. She does n't once suggest hypnotism, you know. The attraction is the old universal attraction of evil."

"As old as the garden of Eden and the serpent," said the Third One.

"Or Faust and Mephistopheles—or you, or me,—or anyone," added Marcus, vaguely.

"You may speak for yourself, Marcus. I never experienced anything of the kind; and I never want to." Constantia sipped her coffee with conviction.

"How about that German professor you could n't stay in the room with at the musicale, the other night?"

"That's quite different, Marcus. He was a disgusting person. Mrs. Henley had no right to have a man like that in her house. He is the embodiment——"

"That's another part of Miss Harraden's art. Theodore Bevan is n't a type. But he is pure evil, for all that; and Nora is only a natural, wholesome girl, but she is——"

"Pure good," said the Third One. "I never knew anyone so delightful, unless it is 'Nurse Isabel.' I think there will always be a little ache in my heart for Nurse Isabel."

"She was the best off of the lot," said Marcus, "and the most human—except 'The Ancestors,' perhaps. Were n't they prime?—Shakespearian—and the way she sandwiches them and their grumblings into the tragedy of the story is art again, sheer art."

"I don't see why you are so enthusiastic, Marcus. It is n't such a wonderful story."

"Who sat up till half-past twelve?"

"There was n't any good place to stop. That's all. It is just a simple story. But it *was* a relief to get hold of a book that does n't talk about marriage or the sexes or what you believe."

"The Fowler' deals with all these questions, Constantia, and several others," said Marcus, grimly. "That is part of its power," he added; "it takes up things universally and eternally instead of piecemeal."

"And yet it is n't exactly symbolism," mused the Third One.

"No, but there is a kind of symbolic quality in it; in the title, for instance, 'Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the

fowler.' It is a symbolic treatment of the deadly effect of tampering with evil even while one pities."

"I don't see what pity has to do with it," concluded Constantia. She rang the bell for muffins.

JEANNETTE BARBOUR PERRY.

The Chances of New Writers

INTEREST has recently been re-aroused in the old question whether it is possible, or easy, for new writers to secure access to the pages of the magazines, or whether all, or a considerable portion, of the articles accepted and published are written by a "ring" consisting of friends of those who control the pages. Various arguments pro and con have been advanced, but no one, so far as known, has as yet offered any statistical proof on the subject. Mere assertions from either side amount to little, because they are supposed to be prejudiced or interested, and even those of a recent writer who examined the pages of the magazines for last December, and found that most of the names were unfamiliar, cannot be taken as conclusive.

Yet absolute proof exists and has existed for some time past—proof, too, that is open to all and is easily obtained. Subject indices of the contents of practically all the magazines of this country and of England for the last fifty years are in existence, and author indices of the same articles have been prepared annually ever since 1891. The volume for 1898 is not yet out, but even without it there are six volumes in print, quite enough on which to base an extremely accurate estimate of the value to an author of former writings.

The indices in question give the names of practically all the authors of all the articles in all the magazines of the United States and England. In 1892, 111 magazines were indexed; since then the number has steadily increased until in 1897 they numbered 141, an annual increase of five per cent. in the number indexed. Some of the more ephemeral and recent magazines of light fiction may have been omitted, but they are very few. Every article printed during the last six years that amounts to anything is to be found there.

If we examine the 1897 volume, we find 65 pages of fine print in the authors' index, containing 5900 names, of which about 1100 are those of authors whose principal work was fiction, while 4800 are those of authors who have treated of religion, science, travels, histories, essays, and the like. The qualifying adjective "principal" is used because quite a number of fiction writers have occasionally written more or less fact, while a goodly portion of the fact writers have written more or less fiction. Now if we go over the five preceding volumes, from 1892 to 1896 inclusive, we shall find just what part previous publication played in securing a hearing for these 4800 writers of fact and these 1100 writers of fiction.

Of course it would be a tremendous task to go through all these pages of fine print in all these volumes, but it is comparatively easy to

examine a sufficient proportion of them to obtain figures, which, by simple rule of three, will give us the facts for the whole. Accordingly, let us take the authors whose names figure on the first five full pages in the 1897 volume, and look up their previous records. We find that these five pages contain the names of 367 writers of fact and 87 writers of fiction. Of these, 154 of the former and 30 of the latter are absolutely new writers, who have not appeared in a magazine for five years and have probably never before appeared in one. We also find that 82 of the former and 14 of the latter have had just one former article printed, and are therefore practically new writers. That is to say, about two thirds of the fact writers and one half of the fiction writers of 1897 were either absolutely new or had had only one previous article accepted. This seems to show that the chance of the new writer is very good.

Let us go farther. We find that 101 of these fact writers and 30 of these fiction writers for 1897 have had from two to six articles each published within the five preceding years. Of the remainder, 36 fact and 12 fiction writers have had from 7 to 25 articles each, and 3 fact writers have had from 25 to 40 each. One other, Grant Allen, has had more than 60 articles, about equally divided between fact and fiction. No one in the five pages can touch his record, although probably there are others equally large farther on in the index.

Putting these findings in the form of percentages, we ascertain that the following facts existed in 1897:

Fiction writers, about one fifth of the whole: absolutely new writers, 35 per cent.; nearly new, 15 per cent.; fairly old, 35 per cent.; and thoroughly established, 15 per cent.

Fact writers, about four fifths of the whole: absolutely new, 42 per cent.; nearly new, 22 per cent.; fairly established, 28 per cent.; and thoroughly established, 8 per cent.

Of course, there is a reverse way of looking at these figures, and one, too, that is very likely to lead to serious errors. If statistics are so encouraging to new writers, it may be asked whether they are not equally discouraging to old ones, giving them little hopes of attaining to a clientèle of their own. If 62 per cent. of all the writers of 1897 are quite or nearly new, are not 38 per cent. only fairly old?

This is quite true, and yet the prospect for the older writers, of fiction at least, is not at all bad, when the yearly increase in the number of writers is taken into account. There were 4700 names indexed in 1892 against 5900 in 1897, an increase of nearly five per cent. each year. But investigation shows that nearly all this increase was in the fiction writers, who increased from 500 to 1100, while the fact writers only increased from 4200 to 4800. That is, the fiction writers increased at the rate of 17 per cent. each year while the fact writers increased only about 2 per cent. per year. It is evident that these facts must alter the reverse percentages more or less, probably to a considerable extent as far as fiction writers are concerned. If the whole number of these

last in 1892 were doubled in 1897, they could not form more than 50 per cent. of the whole in the latter year even if every one of them had survived through to that year.

As a matter of fact actual investigation from 1892 forward shows that three fifths of the fiction writers and nearly one third of the fact writers of 1892 are still flourishing at the present time—a far more favorable showing than might have been expected.

If all these percentages and increases are applied to the future—remembering that 1898 has not been considered and that the increases will be for two years—we may safely assume that in the present year, 1899, there will be 6500 magazine writers in all who will secure publication. Of these, 5000 will be fact writers and 1500 fiction writers. Some 2100 of the former and 525 of the latter will be wholly new; 1100 of the former and 225 of the latter will be nearly new; 1400 of the former and 525 of the latter will be fairly old; and 400 of the former and 225 of the latter will be old and thoroughly established friends.

Thus there is abundant encouragement for new writers, both of fiction and fact, to try their hands, and abundant encouragement for writers of fiction to hope to become well established in their work. For writers of fact the chance of establishing themselves is not so good.

CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT.

Sara Bernhardt as Hamlet

SARA BERNHARDT'S Hamlet is unquestionably one of the great Hamlets. The mere fact that the character is successfully taken by a woman would make it a notable performance. In fact the sex of the actor renders this success all the more difficult. There was the grave danger that the feminine element would be too obvious. I confess that I feared before I saw the piece that such would be the case. But I was thoroughly mistaken. If it were not for the high pitch of the voice and its occasional thinness, you would never imagine that this Hamlet was a woman. And even this slight reminder of the fact disappears after the first few minutes, when you get accustomed to it. And in the violent passages even this slight fault is wholly removed, for then Bernhardt's voice is as manly as one could wish. In no other respect could I discover the slightest trace of the woman, unless in the general stamp given to the whole interpretation, where there was a certain delicacy and gentleness not at all out of keeping with a conception of Hamlet. A certain awkwardness in the handling of the sword might perhaps be attributed to sex, but this little defect could also be explained (and this I think to be the true explanation), that this is perhaps the first time Sara Bernhardt has ever acted with a scabbard dangling at her side. And even here the only thing that seemed to betray her was the difficulty she experienced in getting the blade back into its place whenever she unsheathed it. Being ignorant

of fencing, I cannot say whether she revealed her sex in the scene with Laertes. She seemed to me, however, to acquit herself perfectly here, handling her foil with dexterity and grace, and acting this difficult scene to perfection.

The perfect finish of Bernhardt's acting in this piece is extraordinary. The night I saw the play I sat in the front row of the orchestra chairs, whence I could see the movement of every muscle of her face, every expression of her eye, every motion of her body, and I failed to detect the slightest carelessness or forgetfulness in the acting. Like a true artist, Bernhardt lost herself in the scene, so that all was natural. The same thing could not be said of several of those who supported her. The queen, as she moved about, ogled the audience in a most distressing manner. These defects of the support brought out still more strongly the perfection of the head of the company.

There was much fine stage business, notably in the players' scene. Bernhardt has the king and queen sitting on a rather lofty tribune, at the base of which is a wooden bench. In front of this bench is a large chair with Ophelia in it, her back turned towards the throne. On the floor, in front of this chair, is Hamlet, stretched at full length on cushions. Opposite, on the other side of the stage, are the strolling

players. And now comes the original and very effective innovation of Bernhardt. Tenderly fondling the long flaxen tresses of Ophelia, she uses them as a sort of veil through which she watches the effect of the play on the king's countenance. This is decidedly a woman's conception, and is carried out with all the grace and naturalness to be expected from Bernhardt. As the climax approaches, she suddenly drops Ophelia's locks, springs upon the bench, and slowly rises, stretching her hands up the side of the tribune, her fingers stiffened like claws, giving the impression that she is climbing up to the throne. As her head gradually touches the border, it is almost met by the head of the



From Le Figaro

MME. BERNHARDT AS HAMLET

king, who bends farther and farther forward as the play goes on, until the two heads, with their eyes gazing at different angles, almost meet at the supreme moment. This is perhaps the most effective scene in the play, and it is a most creditable piece of work. It would seem to confirm the truth of the statement, which Bernhardt made to me on the first night, that her Hamlet is in no respect a copy in the slightest detail of that of any other actor. In fact, the actress said, if I am not mis-



From Le Figaro

MME. BERNHARDT AS HAMLET
Act 3, Scene iv.

taken, she had never seen Hamlet acted, or at least, if she has, it was so long ago that she has quite forgotten how the play was presented.

As I write these lines, Bernhardt is giving her performance before London audiences. The French critics here were all most unanimous in praise of her interpretation, and almost the same thing may be said of the English correspondents in Paris. There is every reason to suppose, therefore, that Bernhardt's Hamlet will be the event of the London theatrical season. All this will awaken American desire to see the piece. But you will have to be patient for some time to come, as Bernhardt informs me that it will be at least three years before she can cross to the United States.

THEODORE STANTON.

PARIS, June 3, 1899.

Book Reviews

"The Great Poets and Their Theology"

By Augustus H. Strong. Philadelphia: American Baptist Association.

WHAT may have been at any time the private personal theology of any poet, it does not seem delicate for us to discuss; it is the theology of their poetry which is public property—the prey of any man who will. The reader of this book will learn from Dr. Strong the serious and humane purpose of verse, and how large a factor poetry has been in the life of the individual and of humanity in its development. Briefly let us review the collection of religious ideas in our chief poetry.

Dr. Strong starts with Homer. The theology of the Homeric poems belongs to an early transitional stage, where tribal gods are being grouped and a pantheon set in order. They are naïve in character, congeries of moral inconsistencies. The fusion was not yet complete, and this explains the discrepancies. Zeus, Hera, Ares, Aphrodite, are gods that are human without being humane. Athene and Apollo are ideals of a more spiritually minded people. Their works and ways are not reduced to symmetry in the Homeric lays. Indeed these poems present more of a religion than a theology. The Gospels come first, afterwards the Nicene Council and the "Summa Theologiæ" of St. Thomas of Aquin. Professor Strong is perhaps inaccurate in supposing that the Homeric Fate is the same as the Calvinistic absolute foreordination, because the idea of this Fate which is generally assumed in the "Iliad" is that it is a power that makes for righteousness. Again, Dr. Strong is curiously unwilling to see that Homeric ghosts are material. This perhaps arises from his notion of the Resurrection, which, notwithstanding St. Paul's express and specific declarations, Dr. Strong persists will be a resurrection of the "natural body."

Dr. Strong finds the morals of the Homeric gods to be deplorable. He is right. However, his theory of the cause of the moral deficiencies of these ideals is not that of a student of comparative religion. He accounts for naughty gods in this way:

"This god-making was not innocent. It began in the desire of fallen humanity to rid itself of the thought of a moral God who would challenge its impurity and punish its transgressions. It transformed the one holy Will into many wills," etc.

Does Dr. Strong expect us to take this seriously? Besides, the learned author knows quite well that jealousy, wrath, and bloodthirstiness, ascribed to Y H V H (Yahveh) of the Old Testament, are also far below our present ethical standard. Does Dr. Strong agree with Cornill that Y H V H was originally a Canaanite storm-god? In short, the Homeric lays did leave men with the impression of their moral responsibility, of justice at the heart of the world, and of a continued conscious existence after death. This we ought to acknowledge. We might go farther and discern in the confusion of his foibles a persistent attitude of divine

fatherliness in Zeus, in Phœbus Apollo a splendor of spiritual inspiration and moral motive, and in Athene an austere purity of an intellectual life. Socrates and other moral philosophers blamed the poets with debasing the ideals of the gods, just as Mr. Huxley ridiculed the Creation story of Genesis under the name of the "Miltonic Theory of Creation." Aristophanes laughed at the popular theology of his day, which was in the main Homeric, because the Homeric poems had become the Bible of Hellenic peoples. Nevertheless there were limits beyond which Aristophanes dared not go in his burlesque. Alcibiades found this at the cost of pain. The folk-lore student will recognize in the orthodox Greek hagiology of the present day not a few personages who now are saints but formerly were denizens of the Homeric Olympos. They have changed their names, like married women, but not their respective dispositions.

Concerning the theology of Vergil Dr. Strong says not much. In truth the "*Æneid*" is a political pamphlet. Octavius perceived that religion was perishing from among the Romans. He employed Vergil, a melancholy rustic poet, to bring back the age of faith. The "*Æneid*" has one clear theological note, *i. e.*, the Roman People is the favorite of Heaven, the "peculiar people" and chosen out of the nations of the earth to have dominion. This idea was not altogether unique in ancient poetry, "ethnic" or Israelite. The stability of the state was by Vergil made conditional upon the safety of the "gentile man," the head of the tribe, the emperor. This idea of a divine king belongs to primitive culture. Vergil reinforced it for the culture of his own day by legends of Iulus, the son of a goddess and a human father. In other particulars the theology of the "*Æneid*" is unimportant, because so little of it is indigenous. Greek mythology was the fashion when the Mantuan poet came from his paternal farm to Rome, the Paris of that day. We have in the "*Æneid*" some pictures of the future life, but they echo the "surge and thunder of the 'Odyssey.'" Vergil strengthened imperialism in Rome. By rendering popular the worship of the genius of the emperor, he gave the Roman state a stability that made it last five hundred years though detested by the people. The Christians understood well what they were about when they refused so simple and little an act as to cast a few grains of incense before the statue of an Augustus. Their religion was contrary to the idea of the Roman state, and the Roman state and Roman religion were almost identical. It was Vergil's poetry that chiefly helped to weld Roman politics and Roman religion into one. According to the "*Æneid*," every crime and weakness is justified if it ministers to the Roman Empire. *Æneas* is a poor excuse for a man, and yet the instrument of the gods to found Rome. Therefore to the gods be more glory. They rejected Turnus, a brave, honest gentleman, lest human flesh should boast. As a political tract the "*Æneid*" deserves to be pondered by modern politicians and reformers. It accomplished such a politico-social miracle that after ages held its author for a wizard. Some worshipped him as a saint. Dante and Chaucer hail him as master. Vergil did not originate many ideas, but endeavored after perfection of literary form. Like the author of "*Trilby*," he died disgusted with himself on account of the success of his book, but was the only great epic poet in all the world who was a recognized success from the start.

The theology of Dante cannot be summarized briefly. It is the theological system of Western Christendom of the thirteenth century. Highly differentiated, this theology will be found in the "*Summa Theologiæ*" of St. Thomas of Aquin. As Dante puts it, this theology is

both rational and humane in its essence, in fact far more interfused with sweet reasonableness than the Protestant theology of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Dante started with the principle of love. This is sound psychology. Love is life, and life takes this direction or that. Both the good and the bad are love. Sins arise from love defective, or from love distorted, or from love excessive. The lowest hell where Judas and other traitors abide is icy, because it is far from the outraying love of God. That love is fire to those whose love has been perverted, but to the holy in Paradise divine love is warmth, light, and life. This gives the one idea which unifies the poem. It is a mistake to read only the "Inferno," yet even here the grotesqueness is not merely the Gothic of the Teuton spirit in Dante. In all the three regions of the unseen ghost world Dante would have us to understand that arbitrary rewards and punishments do not occur, but that the outcome of life and character takes place. In strange imagery this is shown throughout the threefold mystic song. Touching mediæval conceits of doctrine the "*Divina Commedia*" is almost as free as the "*Comédie Humaine*" is from modern ultra-monasticism. Dante was universal. He uttered the soul of his age. In that sense Dante was a genuine prophet—and the force of his prophecy is not spent. In this chapter Dr. Strong has shown the firmest grasp of any of his essays. He does not appear to have felt the poetical beauty of the "*Divine Comedy*" as he had that of the Homeric lays, but the system is more comprehensible. Is it not a pity that Dr. Strong should use Wright's version?

What was Shakespeare's theology? The answer must be brief or endless. It was recognition of God as the just and therefore kind king of the world, of sin and goodness as eternally distinct, of retribution as certain, of duty and love as the forces which dignify life, and of the beauty of heroic unselfishness. These we trace in "*Macbeth*," "*The Merchant of Venice*," "*Hamlet*," "*Measure for Measure*," and the other plays. It would be useless to begin to cite, since anybody can take up his Shakespeare. It is probable that the shifting of public opinion has caused some of Shakespeare's purposes to be misunderstood by our generation. The plea against anti-Semitism in "*The Merchant of Venice*," the theory of higher justice in "*Measure for Measure*," and the greater spiritual glory in "*Hamlet*" probably intended by Shakespeare (or the Shakespearian authors of the prompt books), are generally hidden from play-actors and playgoers of the present day. It may never be determined to the satisfaction of all experts that Shakespeare was an Anglican, and that Falstaff muttered the twenty-third psalm according to the Version of the Great Bible, in his dying hour; nevertheless no one can reasonably doubt that the plays of Shakespeare are thoroughly religious. If the finest sonnet in the English language, "Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame," be Shakespeare's, then we cannot doubt the genuine religiousness of his soul.

In his essay upon Milton, Dr. Strong does not accurately distinguish between the man and his poetry. In treating of the theology of the poets, we are concerned with the poet's theology as it appears in his poetry, for the theology of the man may not be the theology of the poet. This is sometimes true of Milton, though, like Dante, he is the most dogmatic of poets. His system may be easily traced in his verse. It was Puritanism gone to seed in Arianism. The best poetry of Milton was written in early days before he entered into bitter theological controversy. The "*Lycidas*" is the purest poetry. "*Paradise Lost*"

is the epic of a lost cause and a decaying theology. It is fraud in a literary way, but its theology is terrific, like William Blake's. He brings in the terrors of the Lord. The hymn on the "Nativity" is better poetry and more pleasing theology. It must be confessed that Milton, like Shelley, was of an unhappy disposition and made those about him uncomfortable. This caused the poet to take a gloomy view of life, and perhaps a dose of blue mass would have improved both Milton's theology and poetry. Whether Milton was a Baptist, as Dr. Strong yearns to make out, matters not, since he was an Arian. The lines cited by Dr. Strong recommend running water for baptism, but say nothing of immersion or submersion. Though it would signify nothing if Milton wrote distinctly sectarian Baptist poetry, yet it is curious that Unitarians like Milton and Henry Dunstan, first president of Harvard College, should have leaned to Baptist distinctive doctrine. It illustrates the singular religious spirit of the seventeenth century.

Of the theology of Robert Browning it is hard to say anything without saying too much. Browning was the greatest religious teacher of this end of the century. No one, of our own day at least, has done more to justify the ways of God to man. He killed Calvinism. Browning's key of theology or philosophy is this, God is love. All questions were solved by this elementary thought. It made the poet an optimist, for Browning more than Tennyson, more than any other in our own day, except it be Lowell, is the apostle of hope. Dr. Strong regrets that Browning became too philosophical in his later years. That is misapprehension of the dates of his poems. From the very first Browning always would ratiocinate instead of sing. But he possessed one power that Dr. Strong does not so much as notice: he could most thoroughly, after Shakespeare, put himself into the place of his characters. His Pope, his Pippa, his Bishop of St. Praxaeds, his characters of the "Parleyings" and the "Jocoseria" are something other than puppets jerked by unseen wires. They are spirits from the vasty deep.

Alongside Browning, Tennyson is at once more an artist and less a personal power. Browning seemed to have felt like Schopenhauer and to have said, virtually, at times: No one shall read my books without taking trouble. Tennyson was thoughtful also, but he contributed nothing new to the criticism of life. Like Vergil, he endeavored to attain perfect form, and to an extent he succeeded. For many generations the English-speaking people will read Tennyson's poetry with pleasure—as they read Gray's "Elegy." Still, Tennyson had no message, theological or otherwise. In his "In Memoriam," which is by far the finest of his works, Tennyson versified all the current theories about immortality and the life beyond the grave. At times the poet touches upon other points of religious speculation, but always without the fervor of conviction. For him theology was interesting, as folk-lore is to some people, but with as little real connection with life. Tennyson's egotism contracted his religious ideas to a small body of divinity. Except for purposes of art it does not seem clear that he went beyond a ghostlike deism. He was more of an artist than a soul. Had he been less abidingly self-conscious his art might have gained what is more permanent than studied fineness of form.

Goethe was the spirit of paganism in modern poetry, yet not an altogether successful paganism. The laughter of the Goth is heard within the Parthenon, for "Faust" is both mediæval and Christian. In the mind of the Greek God was the Devil. As soon as you divide and specialize you posit a dualism, which the New Testament verifies. The philosophy of the world has no room for the Devil, but the New

Testament and human life cannot eliminate him. This is the substantial Christianity of Goethe's poetry. Externally, as Dr. Strong claims, Goethe is a pantheist. In morals we regret to admit that Goethe was a heathen, but deep down in his heart of heart the theology of Goethe was that of a passably orthodox Christianity. It could not be otherwise, for he knew humanity beyond all poets of our time. He did not express this knowledge with the amplitude and acuteness of Browning, nor with the graceful diction of Tennyson. He was too self-satisfied to "weep tears from the depths of some divine despair" with Matthew Arnold, James Thomson, and Verlaine. Nevertheless Goethe understood the essence of the dogma of the Incarnation as no professor in our correct and safe theological seminaries understands that all-saving idea and ideal. "Faust" is in reality an exposition of the Logos doctrine, because it is the first poetic psychology that attempted to be universal.

To call Wordsworth a pantheist is to say nothing. Every poet is a pantheist, for pantheism is the theology of all the poets from the Psalmist to Victor Hugo. Yet Wordsworth, more frankly than some, confesses his faith. It is in these confessions that he reaches the highest watermark of his poetry, and at such times he surpasses Goethe's pantheistic screeds so far as to make the German's screeds seem scholastic essays. The world will have to grow older, or younger, to enjoy Wordsworth's Anthropology and Soteriology. Meanwhile no one is impatient, for it is easy enough to fill a pulpit in the parish of poetry. There are fashions and fads in the theology of poets just as in novels and the drama, and Wordsworth is not at present in vogue. For that matter neither is Alfred Austin, poet-laureate, who once prophesied that Alfred Tennyson "would n't do." Wordsworth's theology belongs beside that of Eckhart. It is akin to the faith of Omar Khayyam (not of Edward FitzGerald) and the bards of the Rig Veda—the faith of every man who forgetting himself for a moment relapses into the natural life of the savage. Go and live among the children of nature and you will learn that they are spiritually minded above civilized types,—that, in fact, in God they live and move and have their being. This, if Dr. Strong will permit, is the theology of Wordsworth when he felt—not thought.

All philosophy is the search after God; all poetry is the pæan of him who has found. This is as true of Matthew Arnold and Swinburne as of Bailey's "Festus." At the present time and place it would be too extensive a task to invent a definition of inspiration and to justify it. However, the poet, when he writes poetry, is inspired, and for that reason his word is worth hearing, and religion will always listen. Secularism will not drive out poetry till it invents a mechanism to take the place of the human heart. It may be true that poetry is theology. Equally true it may be that theology is poetry. Yet when that has been said, the mystery of life remains, the mystery of sorrow, and the mystery of joy. August of mien and solemn of step, Poetry draws near to these mysteries, and with reverent hand would draw aside, if but for a moment, the arras that veils the fashion of their substance and reality.

CHARLES JAMES WOOD.



Recent Fiction

1. *The Confounding of Camelia*. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: Wm. Heinemann.
2. *Young Lives*. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane.
3. *D'Arcy of the Guards; or, The Fortunes of War*. By Louis Evan Shipman. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
4. *Men's Tragedies*. By R. V. Risley. New York: The Macmillan Co.
5. *The Cougar Tamer*. By Frank Welles Calkins. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
6. *The Black Douglas*. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Doubleday & McClure; London: Smith, Elder & Co.
7. *A Daughter of the Vine*. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: John Lane.
8. *The Market-Place*. By Harold Frederic. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.
9. *The Rapin*. By Henry de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
10. *The Conjure Woman*. By Charles W. Chesnut. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
11. *Children of the Mist*. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: A. D. Innes.

If the work of Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick continues according to its present promise it seems quite possible that she will ultimately do a thing that is well worth doing, in a field where she has no important rivals. As the matter stands at present, she is a more promising disciple of Jane Austen than is any woman now writing. There is no such thing as a school of domestic fiction. Most of the books that are written by women about women deal with exceptional characters and incidents, rather than with the normal and habitual, and make their bid for attention by depicting the unusual, rather than by shrewd observation of the entirely customary. This, no doubt, is wise, for it requires a greater amount of insight and talent to delineate everyday domestic life so that it shall be absorbing, than it does to deal attractively with the exceptional. All the more, however, when a girl's love-story of a not unusual type is told with penetration, restraint, and dramatic force, does it make a notable book.

"The Confounding of Camelia" (1) has a simple but adequate theme; the story is domestic without being dull; everyday life is treated with something of the shrewdness, the detachment, and the pronounced insight which marked Miss Austen's work and have marked too little work since hers. Adverse criticism of the book is quickly exhausted. When you have said that the title is awkward, that the early chapters drag a little, and that the author's style before she warms to her work is so affected in places as to be unpleasant, you have said the worst there is to say. Perhaps Miss Sedgwick does not yet draw men as well as women, but Perior is not an impossible hero,—though he is such an one as no circumstances save those of an English country gentleman of intellect could possibly produce. Henge and Rodrigg are more conventional and less convincing, but the reader feels perfectly willing to wait until such time as the young novelist's creative interest shall fully embrace her minor as well as major characters. That time is bound to come, for the writer gives an impression not only of cleverness in her work but of a conscience which tends ultimately to a perfection quite within her reach.

To say that a book is domestic does not in the least imply that it is not dramatic also. The latter half of the book is vivid and exciting, but it is a perfectly legitimate and natural excitement such as life itself furnishes. Like many brilliant and beautiful young women, Camelia was wholly unconscious of the rights of others, and was even a little indifferent to the claims of righteousness. Camelia told lies.

The way the author has handled these lies is one of the best things in the book. The girl is hard, selfish, and deceitful, but she is always

attractive, and she holds the reader in the same impatient subjection to which he might be a victim in real life. To tell how Camelia was confounded and her redemption accomplished, would be to spoil a story that is thoroughly worth reading for its own sake, and holds, besides, the promise of a sane and strong development in its author.

Mr. Le Gallienne is becoming a weariness to the flesh. His tireless industry is easily explained by the attenuated quality of his work. In all he does there is the same invariable mediocrity of thought and thinness of execution, glossed over very flimsily with a veneer of earnest though impotent literary aspiration, veined sparsely by a rare dribble of diluted poetic feeling. "Young Lives" (2) is a book on a subject of which he ought to know something—literary life in London. No doubt he does, but he certainly does not succeed in conveying that knowledge to his readers. It may be unjust to him to make the comparison, but one cannot help thinking of what Mrs. Humphry Ward made of the Latin Quarter in "David Grieve," while reading this uninteresting, pretentious booklet, or remembering Mr. Barrie's delightful "When a Man's Single." As a picture of literary life in London, "Young Lives" could not well be less satisfactory; as a chronicle of the struggles and love and triumphs of talent and youth, it is equally weak. Incessant endeavor is laudable when it is not misapplied. Mr. Le Gallienne's publisher has two more of his works in the press—is it a wonder, then, that they are poor stuff? He takes himself seriously, and is taken in the same way by a few whose critical faculty seems to be in abeyance.

Philadelphia during its occupation by the British in the War for Independence furnishes good material for an American historical love-story (3). Its value as a background, indeed, was discovered long since by the small band of American novelists who have made the period of the Revolution their theme, and therefore Mr. Shipman cannot be considered a pioneer in the choice of a subject. Nor can he be ranked among the leaders in the field, though his story is pleasing enough. We have had many seasons now of the story of war and love, and the original combinations must needs be exhausted. So, if Mr. Shipman's narrative reminds us of many other tales of scarlet coats and brocades, of swaggering blades and demure maidenhood, it is only because he has come late into the field; and, in fiction at least, a good thing may be done, not only twice, but many times.

Mr. R. V. Risley furnishes a prefatory key to the nine short stories that fill his "Men's Tragedies" (4), but the key does not unlock their meaning. He may have thought all the tragedy into them, but it did not come out in the writing; in fact, as psychological studies these tales are decidedly weak and unconvincing. The preface is pretentious beyond the performance; and the statement it contains that all the men in the book "are Germans, for the reason that psychological tragedies happen in German minds," makes us wonder whether Mr. Risley knows very much of the German mind. But that is perhaps merely because "very few men are capable of very great emotion." These stories seem rather the fruit of reading—a suspicion of Werther, a little of Hauff, a pinch of Crawford's "Greiffenstein," perhaps a dash of Heinz Tovote, a reminiscence of the French short-story writers—than of original observation; and, while in a few the central thought is good, in many it is confused, and in others improbable. To make the failure complete, the stories are superficial, poorly proportioned, long drawn out. The climax is reached in "The Man Who Fell," the close of which is a delectable bit of unconscious humor:

"In a few moments I heard a shot. I sprang to my feet, and leaped up the stairs, calling for the cook and the butler. They came running after me. In a moment we arrived at Sigurd's door. I pushed it open. There he lay with his head on the table, and the revolver lying on the floor beside him. He was quite dead. Clutched in his hand was a letter. I took it. 'Good-by,' it said. 'It was very pretty.'

"The cook broke out into wailing. 'He will never again taste any of my pâtés!' he wept. 'Never, never again! Nor any more of my cream puffs! nor any more of my walnut puddings! nor any more of my broiled ducks!'

"'Hush!' I said, 'hush!' burning the letter in the flame of the candle that stood by his head."

"The Cougar Tamer" (5) is a capital book of adventure stories for boys. They are the *Youth's Companion* kind of story, which is equivalent to saying that they are sensible as well as exciting, and contain for the youthful mind the maximum amount of interest and the minimum amount of harm which such stories can be made to combine.

The plot of "The Black Douglas" (6) is simpler and more striking, and the main lines of the story less complicated with confusing incident, than is usual in Mr. Crockett's tales of adventure. The story is of the fate of William, sixth Earl Douglas, lured into Edinburgh by the wiles of his lady-love and killed there by his enemies, and of Margaret, his sister, who was kidnapped by Gilles de Retz and carried off to France, to be subsequently rescued by relatives and retainers. Devil worshippers, were-wolves, and all kinds of dangers abound, and for the rest there is a brave youth of low degree who rises in the world through his courage and devotion and aspires to the hand of one of the saucy, flouting maidens whom Mr. Crockett depicts with such unwearied patience. By the way, why has no philanthropist ever bethought himself to pity the fate of a novelist who, having chosen to write tales of this kind, has bound himself thereby to a treadmill task? His fate is very similar to that of the workman who is condemned to an absolute monotony of labor, in repeating the same piece of work over and over. The number of the heroes and heroines whom the average romancer has to cut out after the same pattern, suggests the idea that these tasks might be done by machinery better than by the wasteful one-man power, which is overworked and yet hardly equal to supplying the world's demand for fiction of this flavor.

Mrs. Atherton's new story (7) will be a sad disappointment to those readers whom "The Californians" led to hope that her undeniable talent as a novelist was at last to be rendered available for the entertainment of self-respecting readers who do not care to penetrate the spiritual slums of life in their search for diversion. "A Daughter of the Vine," unhappily, displays the most objectionable characteristics of the author's earlier work raised here to the *4th* power. The heroine is the child of an Englishman of good family who was beguiled into marrying a barmaid. He chooses to live in California thereafter, and his wife, who had expected to become a personage in "county" society, takes her revenge for this disappointment by feeding their little girl "hard drinks" in secret from the cradle, with the result that the alcohol habit becomes formed in her long before she reaches years of responsibility. She is, otherwise, a young woman of force and charm. We are given to understand that under the influence of love she was enabled to conquer her appetite, but that blind fatality made her achievement of no avail, and, in the end, she descends to incredible depths. This is as brutal and horrifying a plot as can well be conceived, and it is not treated in a way to soften its inherent repulsiveness. The sensual side of life is represented as strongly uppermost throughout, and the whole atmosphere of the book is bitter and cruel. It is a perversion of life as well as of the author's talent.

Harold Frederic's last story (8) is a satisfactory piece of work, because he, for one, knew exactly how much to say, and where to give free scope to the reader's awakened intellectual curiosity and interest. It is not a "great" book, it hardly rivals "The Damnation of Theron Ware," but it has an actual, contemporary interest, while its emotional side, of which we see only the growth through most of the story, and the first blossoming not till the very end, is ably handled. The characters are, most of them, sketched rather than painted, but the outlines have been so happily chosen that they stand out with sufficient clearness before the reader's eye to enable him to complete the picture. Thorpe himself is only shown in this one phase of his checkered career: his mind is one of plastic power, adapting itself to the conditions it has created, dominated by but one desire,—that of fortune,—which, once gratified, leaves an enormous amount of nervous energy, a gigantic will power, unoccupied and therefore dissatisfied with the once coveted wealth. Mr. Frederic shows us in the end a new employment for this great force, though Thorpe may have had to expend it in winning the wife he had married, rather than in organizing the vast and magnificently vague scheme of philanthropy that suggested itself to his mind, grown fretful in bucolic opulence. Lady Cressaday, his wife, is to us the most attractive character in the book. There are noble possibilities in this thorough woman of the world—possibilities which are not brought to fruition in the story itself, but which the reader feels with rare force, thanks to the author's skill.

The gigantic rubber-consols rig, which Thorpe carried through with all the resources of a great financier, holds the centre of the stage in by far the greater portion of the book. The whole speculation is told with *verve*, and is made understandable even to him who knows nothing of the secrets of stock-exchange manipulation. As a guide to "Kaffir circuses" and Hooley exposures, "The Market-Place" is of inestimable service, but its great merit lies in the fact that, while teaching the curious the machinations of latter-day robber barons, it is a splendid story, readable from first to last—one of the best novels of the year; and he who reads it will acknowledge in the end that he has made the acquaintance of some interesting people—not all of them admirable, it is true, but all worth knowing. And he will regret a little that now he can never know whether Lady Cressaday found in the powerful master of the market-place the man of elemental strength her imagination craved, and whether he ever filled her life.

"The Rapin" (9) is a curious book. It has too many merits to be lightly dismissed, and too many faults to be considered very seriously. From the standpoint of the general reader it is probably too pessimistic to be wholly satisfactory. From the standpoint of the critic it is elusive, difficult to define and place, and therefore interesting. On the whole, perhaps *article de Paris* is as near an adequate definition as one may come. That is to say, it is a manufactured product designed for ornament rather than service, in which queer streaks of good taste and reality mingle with much that is false and poor. There are exquisite phrases here and there which make one wish that the author would turn his attention to phrase-making exclusively, since this he can do well and honestly. The story is all about Prince Toto, otherwise Désiré de Camorra, a spoiled darling who cherishes the belief that he might have been an artist had his life been less lavish of distractions. Desiring to make a man of himself, he hides away from his familiar world, enters an atelier, and goes to housekeeping in the heart of the "Quarter" with a beautiful and confiding girl who makes bon-

nets that are truly creations and cherishes a pet lark. Art is long and Toto's patience even briefer than his talent. A "fake" interview with him is inserted by an enemy in a journal which he has been backing. It sets forth the noble sentiments on work and poverty which he is supposed to inculcate as he handles the saucepans and prepares a frugal supper. All Paris laughs, and Toto abruptly deserts attic, atelier, saucepans, and Celestin, who is dying of pneumonia. Her last hours are watched over with respect and tenderness by one of Toto's grizzly Bohemian friends to whom the girl happens to be the one revelation of the ideal life ever vouchsafed.

The tale is so told as to furnish a singular combination of the French Romanticism of sixty years ago and the latter-day cynicism which scoffs at it. The mixture of genuine feeling and false sentiment, of vitriolic pessimism and a lingering confidence in human nature, is simply inextricable. One can no more say what is good and what is bad in it than one can separate the flavor from the pudding.

The name of Charles W. Chesnutt has become familiar to the readers of the magazines, but we doubt whether any of his readers, even the most alert and observant, would suspect from his work that he is a representative of the race which furnishes the chief staple of his productions. In the stories embodied in this volume (10), which are supposed to be recited by a typical old negro, the outlook and attitude of the author are those of a white man alien to the race and the section. It is true that this idea is a part of the author's scheme fairly set forth in the book; but it goes deeper than a mere pretense—it belongs, as it were, to the bone and marrow of the volume. So that one is almost compelled to conclude that Mr. Chesnutt is either educated out of all sympathy with the developments of the plantation, or that he has been brought up in a different atmosphere. This is not to say that the character of old Julius, the narrator of the stories, is badly drawn, but that it is not rounded out and made complete by those little touches of sympathy and appreciation which are hard to recognize until one comes upon the void occasioned by their absence. It is not a happy thought to insist on emphasizing the impression that the old negro is telling his stories for purely selfish purposes. The effort to do so is successful, but it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Still, there may be those who like pepper-grass mixed with their greens.

And where is the humor that is supposed to be the characteristic of the old-time negro? Evidently the author regards it as a malady which should be either rooted out or ignored. Beyond a faint touch of it here and there, Uncle Julius is as grim and as uncompromising in his selfish designs as the whitest rascal ever born. Perhaps these omissions will not strike the average reader. The stories which Uncle Julius tells are very happily conceived and skilfully told, and though we feel it to be certain that no negro ever used *ob* for *of*, or *ober* for *over*, such trivial things do not interfere with that peace of mind and contentment of spirit which follow hard upon these entertaining narratives of witchcraft. In and of themselves the stories seem to be genuine echoes of the oral literature of the negroes, and the best of them are told with an Oriental craftiness hardly to be matched by any other writer of the day. They are thoroughly characteristic of one very curious phase of the negro's character; so much so that one familiar with it is inclined to resent the suspicion raised by the author that Uncle Julius, the narrator, does not really believe in the stories he tells, but is reciting them to further designs of his own.

All the stories have a special interest of their own, and altogether

apart from Uncle Julius, and at the last, when he tells about "Hot-Foot Hannibal," and does it for the purpose of reuniting a pair of young lovers temporarily estranged, we feel that *this* is the real Julius, relic of plantation days, and that the other Juliuses in the book are mere lay figures. Mr. Chesnutt's book is of a character that should appeal to a very large circle of readers.

Dartmoor seems to be the mother of inspiration. "Lorna Doone" owes to it its enduring beauty, and it has given again of its moors and granite, its loveliness and sternness, its deep, broad dialect and strong men and womanly women to lend beauty and virility to this novel (11) which stands apart in the mass of fiction of to-day, a tale of uncommon power. Mr. Blackmore himself has testified to the faithfulness of its descriptions of people and place, but there is more in it than that—vivid, true character-drawing, humor, a well-considered plot, and a philosophy of life which, with deft art, is of the country and its people, part of their lives, the outcome of their experiences in their own secluded surroundings.

This is one of the books about which it is difficult to speak at length, because criticism is uncalled for, and no review can do more than give an inadequate and pale reflection of its merits, while comparison is all but impossible. Mr. Blackmore rightly says of it that "literature has been enriched with a wholesome, genial, and noble tale, the reading of which is a pleasure in store for many."

With Thomas Hardy, the author sees and feels the beauties of rural England, the depth of the life and emotions of its simple folk. He does not enter into rivalry with the better-known master, because his method is fundamentally different, because, above all, he does not carry his characters away from their surroundings to point a moral to the wider world without, as Mr. Hardy has done in his two best-known books. Mr. Phillpotts' "Children of the Mist" laugh and weep without recking of larger problems, fretted and contented by the circumstances of their own little nook of the world. Here, too, we have the return of the native, but he forgets all he has seen beyond the seas, and resumes at once the existence from which he was torn but never weaned.

The descriptions in these pages of nature in her laughing and sterner moods are admirable, the characters all sharply defined, understandable, and full of individual interest. But, strong as is the book, there is a legitimate place in it for the unconscious humor of Billy Blee, the miller's right-hand man and special *protégé* of Providence—a figure drawn with admirable consistency and fine appreciation. This is a novel to be marked carefully, for it stands almost alone in that it is engrossing and powerful without touching disagreeable "problems," or borrowing from the past the glamor of adventure and the glitter of swords. It is a truly admirable piece of work.

Two Collections of Letters

1. *Ruskin: Rossetti: Preraphaelitism. Edited by W. M. Rossetti. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; London: Geo. Allen.*
2. *Letters of Carlyle to his Youngest Sister. Edited by C. T. Copeland. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

THE volume entitled "Ruskin: Rossetti: Preraphaelitism" (1), edited by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, is made up mostly of letters and occasional bits of journal, with introductory and explanatory notes by the editor. The letters cover the period from 1854 to 1862, and are chiefly by Ruskin and Dante Rossetti; but among others who are represented by from one to twenty or more letters are the editor, Christina Rossetti,

Elizabeth E. Rossetti (Miss Siddal), Madox Brown, Robert Browning (7), W. Allingham, Patmore Coventry, W. Bell Scott, and J. E. Millais.

In Madox Brown's diary and Ruskin's and Rossetti's letters we get many curious glimpses of the impecunious Bohemian life of the artists. November 1, 1854, we find Rossetti at Brown's house (for convenience in his work), where he stays till his welcome is quite worn out. Brown writes on the 27th:

"Out to buy pewter spoons in honour of William Rossetti coming to dinner; one being broken by Katey [Brown's daughter] and two melted by Ruth [the servant], so as to leave but one serviceable out of four. Saw Gabriel's calf [in the picture called 'Found']: very beautiful, but takes a long time. Endless emendations, no perceptible progress from day to day, and all the time he wearing my great-coat, which I want, and a pair of my breeches, besides food and an unlimited supply of turpentine."

On the 16th of December he writes thus:

"This morning, Gabriel talking quite freely about *several days yet*, having been here since the 1st of November, and not seeming to notice my hints . . . Emma being within a week or two of her confinement, and he having had his bed made on the floor in the parlour one week now and not getting up until eleven, . . . besides my finances being reduced to £2 12s. 6d., which must last till 20th January, I told him delicately he must go, or go home at night by the 'bus. This he said was too expensive. I told him he might ride to his work in the morning, and walk home at night. This he said he should never think of."

Later Brown writes:

"Rossetti once told me that Hannay, when he first knew him, used to be so hard up that he used never to be at home in the daytime because of his 'rent.' He used to go out before the people were up, and go home when they were in bed. . . . He never apparently ate at all. When he had a little money he used to go and get beer or grog with it. Rossetti and he, having been all the forenoon together, found about sixpence between them on which to refresh themselves. Rossetti proposed to go to some à-la-mode-beef place and get as much to eat as it would afford. Hannay quite stared; he expected it was to go for beer. However, Rossetti stuck out for food of a solid nature, and prevailed."

Among the company at Rossetti's one July evening was "Cayley, the translator of Dante, who looks mad, and is always in a rumpled shirt, without collar, and old tail-coat."

Ruskin's letters have much to do with his constant efforts to help Rossetti by buying his pictures, and to persuade Miss Siddal to let him pay her expenses in a journey for her health. A brother could not be more generous or considerate in counsel and more substantial aid. He fears that Italy would be too exciting for Miss Siddal:

"South of France might perhaps be well; but, if you were my own sister, I should plead hard for a little cottage in some sheltered forest valley. My own belief is that you want clear, sweet, but *dracing* air, rather than hot relaxing air. . . . Once established with some one to take care of you in a cottage—if possible near a cattle shed—you must try and make yourself as simple a milkmaid as you can, and only draw when you can't help it. One thing remember, that if you ever try to do anything particularly well, to please me or any one else, you are *sure to fail*. Nothing is ever done well but what is done easily."

Again, in a letter to Rossetti, he says:

"The utmost a man can do is that which he can do without effort. All beautiful work—singing, painting, dancing, speaking—is the *easy* result of long and painful practice. *Immediate* effort always leads to shrieking, blotching, posturing, mouthing. . . . I always said the same to Turner—'If you will do me a drawing in three days I shall be obliged to you; but if you take three months for it, you may put it behind the fire when it is done.' And I should have said precisely the same to Tintoret, or any other *very* great man. I don't mean to say you ought n't to do the hard work. But the labored picture will always be in part an *exercise*—not a result."

He begs Rossetti to tell him what income he needs to carry out his plans or wishes concerning Miss Siddal, adding that he has arranged, in case he should die, that the arrangement to help his friend "shall not be disturbed by any such accident." In a letter to Rossetti concerning this business he says of himself:

"You constantly hear a great many people saying I am very bad, and perhaps you have been yourself disposed lately to think me very good. I am neither the one nor the other. I am very self-indulgent, very proud, very obstinate, and *very* resentful; on the other side, I am very upright—nearly as just as I suppose it is possible for man to be in this world—exceedingly fond of making people happy, and devotedly reverent to all true mental or moral power. I never betrayed a trust—never wilfully did an unkind thing—and never, in little or large matters, depreciated another that I might raise myself. I believe I once had affections as warm as most people, but partly from evil chance, and partly from foolishly misplacing of them, they have got tumbled down and broken to pieces. It is a very great, in the long run the greatest, misfortune of my life that, on the whole, my relations, cousins and so forth, are persons with whom I can have no sympathy, and that circumstances have always somehow or other kept me out of the way of the people of whom I could have made friends, so that I have no friendships, and no loves."

"Now you know the best and worst of me; and you may rely upon it it is the truth. If you hear people say I am utterly hard and cold, depend upon it it is untrue. Though I have no friendships and no loves, I cannot read the epitaph of the Spartans at Thermopylae with a steady voice to the end; and there is an old glove in one of my drawers that has lain there these eighteen years, which is worth something to me yet. If, on the other hand, you ever feel disposed to think me particularly good, you will be just as wrong as most people are on the other side. My pleasures are in seeing, thinking, reading, and making people happy—if I can, consistently with my own comfort. And I *take* these pleasures. And I suppose, if my pleasures were in smoking, betting, dicing, and giving pain, I should take *those* pleasures. It seems to me that one man is made one way, and one another—the measure of effort and self-denial can never be known, except by each conscience to itself. Mine is small enough."

Ruskin sometimes gets out of patience with Rossetti, and with Miss Siddal, who is equally lacking in practical wisdom. Rossetti takes a sudden fancy to go to Paris just as Ruskin has arranged for his going to Wales, and Ruskin writes to him:

"You are a very odd creature, that's a fact. I said I could find funds for you to go to Wales to draw something I wanted. I never said I would for you to go to Paris, to disturb yourself and other people, and I won't. . . . I am ill-tempered to-day—you are such absurd creatures, both of you. I don't say you do wrong, because you don't seem to know what *is* wrong, but just do whatever you like, as far as possible—as puppies and tomtits do."

A few days later he writes:

"You and Ida [his name for Miss Siddal] are a couple of—never mind—but you know it's all *your own pride*—not a bit of fine feeling, so don't think it. If you wanted to oblige me, you would keep your room in order and go to bed at night. All your fine speeches go for nothing till you do that."

He is equally blunt in his criticism of some of Rossetti's pictures. Once he writes thus:

"You are a conceited monkey, thinking your pictures right when I tell you positively they are wrong. What do *you* know about the matter, I should like to know? You'll find out in six months what an absurdity that 'Saint Catherine' is."

When Miss Siddal is at Nice, he writes to her about the Riviera scenery, which she has disparaged for its "vapid colour":

"I hate it myself. The whole coast of Genoa, with the blue sea, hills, and white houses, looks to me like a bunch of blue ribbands dipped in mud and then splashed all over with lime. I except always Mentone, which has fine green and purple, and has a unique kind of glen behind it among the lemons. But as soon as spring comes you must get up among the Alps; it will brace you and revive you; and *there* the colour is insuperable. . . . Switzerland is all soft and pure air, clear water, mossy

rock, and infinite flowers—I suppose you like that? . . . Don't go north from Nice into Dauphiné; it is a diabolical country, all pebbles and thunder."

Rossetti, in a letter to Charles Eliot Norton (January, 1862), has this interesting reference to one who was then just becoming known as an artist:

"A name perhaps new to you on our list—but destined to be unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in fame by any name of this generation—is Edward Burne-Jones. He is a painter, still younger than most of us by a good deal, and who has not yet exhibited, except at some private places; but I cannot convey to you in words any idea of the exquisite beauty of all he does."

The book, from which we must not take space to quote further, is illustrated by excellent photogravures of many of Rossetti's pictures—"The Blessed Damozel," "La Pia," "The Loving-cup," "Found," "Salutatio Beatrix" (the two paintings: "In Eden," and "In Terra," "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," etc.

The "Letters of Carlyle to his Youngest Sister" (2), edited by Mr. C. T. Copeland, are of special interest as showing the more genial side of the man and his deep affection for his kindred. The sister to whom most of them are written (for there are many to his mother and other relatives, though the title-page does not indicate it) was Mrs. Hanning, who in 1851 came to Canada, where her husband had gone to make a home for her, and where, in December, 1897, she died at the good old age of eighty-four, the last surviving Carlyle of her generation.

She was married to Robert Hanning in 1836, when Carlyle wrote to her thus:

"I need not assure you, my dear little Jenny, of the interest I took in the great enterprise you had embarked upon; of my wishes and prayers that it might prove for the good of both. . . . You know I have all along regarded Hanning as an uncommonly brisk, gleg little fellow since the first time I saw him (hardly longer than my leg then), and prophesied handsome things of him in the world. It is very rare and fortunate when two parties that have affected each other from childhood upwards get together in indissoluble partnership at last. May it prove well for you, as I think it will. You must take the good and the ill in faithful mutual help, and, whoever or whatever fail you, never fail one another."

The Hannings go to Manchester to live, and a year later Carlyle admonishes his sister not to neglect out-of-door exercise in "that huge den of reek and cotton-fuzz":

"Do not sit motionless within doors if there is a sun shining without, and you are able to stir. Particularly endeavor to keep a *good heart*, and avoid all moping and musing, whatever takes away your cheerfulness. Sunshine in the *inside* of one is even more important than sunshine without."

This is sound advice, which Carlyle might well have taken to heart himself.

There seems to have been an epidemic of "grip" (or influenza as they termed it then) in that year 1837, for Carlyle writes in January:

"All people here [London] have got a thing they call Influenza, a dirty, feverish kind of cold; very miserable, and so general as was hardly ever seen. Printing-offices, manufactories, tailor-shops, and such like are struck silent, every second man lying *suffering* in his respective place of abode. The same seems to be the rule in the North, too. . . . Worse weather never fell from the lift, to my judgment, than we have here. Reek, mist, cold, wet; the day before yesterday there was one of our completest London fogs—a thing of which I suppose you even at Manchester can form no kind of notion. . . . It is like a sea of ink. I wonder the people do not all drop down dead in it—since they are not *fishes*, of a particular sort. It is cause enough for Influenza."

In 1842, writing to his mother, he refers to the stir made by his article on "The Divine Right of Squires," as he calls it, and adds:

"Fame? Reputation? etc., as old Tom White said of the whiskey, 'Keep your whiskey to yourself! deevil o' ever I 'se better than when there's no a drop on 't i' my wame!' which is a literal truth—both as to fame and whiskey."

In the same letter he congratulates himself on "the inconceivable state of *thrift*" into which he has settled down in London, and adds that to him "poverty is really quite a suitable, almost comfortable, arrangement":

"I am perhaps among the freest men in the British Empire at this moment. No King or Pontiff has any power over me, gets any revenue from me, except what he may *deserve* at my hands. There is nothing but my Maker whom I call Master under this sky."

In July, 1842, we find him measuring himself for shirts to be made by Mrs. Hanning, to whom he gives minute directions for the preliminary scouring of the flannel and all the details of the construction. He would like also "two pairs of flannel drawers," if she can make them without too much trouble. She does make them, and later he compliments her for them, and also for the shirts:

"I have to apprise you, as the expert needlewoman of the whole, that *all fits* with perfect correctness. . . . Everything is as right as if it had been made under my own eye. The flannel of the shirts is excellent, they are made to the very measures. The drawers also are the *best fit* of the article I have had for several years."

There are many curious hints of the thrifty management of the Chelsea household, as well as of that in the old home at Scotsbrig. In a letter to his mother, in March, 1844, Carlyle admonishes her to take good care of herself, and gives specific directions concerning "good fires," warm clothing, and nourishing food. He says:

"I think you should live chiefly on fowl. A hen is always fair food, divide her into four pieces—she makes you an excellent dinner of soup and meat for four days."

The book abounds in these little domestic touches, no less than in references to weightier matters, but we must limit our quotations.

The illustrations include three portraits of Carlyle—one from a photograph taken in the garden at Cheyne Row, and others of his mother, his wife, and Mrs. Hanning; also a view of the village of Ecclefechan, and a facsimile of a letter to Mrs. Hanning, not printed elsewhere in the book.

Indian Beliefs

1. *Navaho Legends*. By Washington Matthews, M.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
2. *Maria Candelaria*. By Daniel G. Brinton, M.D. David McKay.

THE legends of the various Indian peoples of North America (the Esquimaux excluded) must, as a body, take the foremost place in the study of comparative mythology. They fall in precisely where they are needed, representing all the grades of culture belonging to the transition from a hunting life to a civilization almost as far advanced as that of Egypt and Chaldea at the beginning of history; and, as many of them are now being taken down from the lips of Indian believers, we have them, as compared with European mythologies, in a relatively unbroken and consistent form. They are also, for the most part, fairly transparent; that is, it is easy to see through the myths to the rites and customs and habits of thought of their authors; and, even now, whoever would gain a sure insight into the beginnings of civilized life will find himself amply repaid for the time that he devotes to the study of the material collected by such workers as Dr. Matthews, Dr.

Brinton, Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, the late Captain Bourke, Mr. Lummis, Major Powell, and the publications of the Bureau of Ethnology, of the National Museum, of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey, of the American Folk-lore Society, and others that cover nearly every portion of the vast field. The "Navaho Origin Legend," which forms the body of Dr. Matthews's work (1) is one of the most important of recent contributions to this literature. In its main outlines it corresponds with the Mayan and Aztec myths, but with differences such as we might expect in the stories of a wandering people. On the other hand, it is much more complete and consistent than the Lenape legend, republished by Dr. Brinton, and the fragmentary Algonquin legends thrown together by Schoolcraft. In all of these we have references to a deluge and a new creation. In the stories of what we may call the southern group there are usually more than one deluge, and there are many creations of human or human-like races, and many migrations from one world to another. The notions of an underworld, and of a solid sky with another world above it, are, we need hardly remind the reader, common to most early cosmologies. In the Navaho legend there are five such worlds, of which this is the uppermost. The story begins with an account of the four quarters of the lowest world and the four divisions of the day. There was neither sun nor moon as yet, but "white" (dawn) arose in the east, then in turn "blue" (noon) in the south, "yellow" (evening) in the west, and "black" (night) in the north. In the fourth world we find these phases of the day personified as "Black Body," "Blue Body," etc.; and in this upper world they are shown to be identical with the gods of the House, of Speech (or Inspiration), of Rain and Fire. It is to be remarked that the god of fire is black, and represents the night and the cold north, as does the Mexican Tezcatlipoca, the god of the "Smoking (or burning, *i. e.*, concave) Mirror." Dr. Brinton has shown the wide prevalence of these gods of the four directions (before, behind, to the right, and to the left, oriented by references to the place of the dawn) in American mythology; but it nowhere appears so plainly as in the present work that they are also gods of time; that they represent, in fact, the primitive divisions of both time and space.

The "first people," driven from the lower world by means of a deluge, were all winged creatures, ants, locusts, and the like, but with human powers,—one of several indications of a still strong animistic belief. The reason of their expulsion was their sexual irregularities (repeated in the second and third worlds), and the means a deluge. In the fourth world, the now fully personified gods require a race in human shape—after their own likeness, and make a first pair of two ears of corn for the flesh, into which the Wind enters as the spirit. In Quiche myths, the gods try their hands on men of clay and men of wood before they attempt the magic transformation of corn to flesh. But the new people follow in the way of the first; the women have intercourse with the fetishes; and a new deluge drives the people, enclosed in a gigantic reed, to the present world, where a brood of monsters is produced, which Dr. Matthews, with an eye to the parallel passage in Genesis, calls "Giants." The greatest of these is represented as a child of the sunsets, as wearing the curious stone-mail (a species of wampum?) in which the ogres and cannibals in other Indian tales are dressed. The deluge is caused, as in Algonquin legends, by the Water-monster, who is one of the gods of the lowest world. It is only now, in this present world, that the sun and moon are made, not by any of the gods, but by the first man and woman. There is but a

slight hint of the human sacrifices connected with sun-worship in the Mexican system. Men must die in order that they may serve the Bearer of the Sun. The Navaho sacrifices appear to be of the most innocent description; the commonest being of a couple of sacred cigarettes, made of wild tobacco, and variously ornamented to signify the particular god and goddess to whom they are offered.

We cannot follow Dr. Matthews's spirited version through the accounts of the ravages made by the giants, which reduced the new race to a few scattered bands, the birth of the heroes who were fated to destroy them, their visit to the House of the Sun, and a tempest that finished the destruction of the monsters, excepting Old Age, Cold, Hunger, and Poverty, who were spared in the interests of industry and commerce. What follows, excepting two new creation stories, may be regarded as semi-historical, and records the wanderings of the rescued people, their meetings with various scattered bands who join with them, and especially the arrival among them of many people of their language from the shore of the Pacific. This part of the legend is not yet fully elucidated; but the last-mentioned incident may point to the source of most of the stories that compose it. Like other Indian myths these show a vivid imagination, a quick sense of beauty, and much ingenuity in welding various incidents together. There are a map of the Navaho country in Arizona and Colorado, several well-executed plates in colors of Indian sacred paintings and costumes, and numerous other illustrations.

Dr. Brinton's drama (2) is founded on the history of the revolt of the Tzental, of the Mexican state of Chiapas in 1712, which was the outcome of similar superstitions mingled with ill-understood Christian teachings. The Tzental belong to the Mayan group of nations which, at the conquest, occupied most of Central America, Yucatan, and southern Mexico. The knowledge of their myths, as with the Nava-hoes, and, indeed, all Indian tribes, was held only by the secret priestly orders. The reason is apparent on reading them. They relate mostly to lower, more barbarous conditions, in which, however, the race was supposed to share the powers and immunities as well as the freedom from moral law of the lower creation. It is practical magic to hypnotize willing subjects and to reduce oneself to the insensibility of a stone, or to excite in oneself the rage of a brute. But it is quite possible that, as Dr. Brinton maintains, higher ideas were and are mixed with these in the doctrines of the Nagualists. Women have always been admitted among them, and have often been custodians of their caves or temples, though usually excluded from the secret societies of the northern tribes. The leaders of the revolt in question were a priest of one of the Nagualist orders and his young niece, Maria Candelaria, who pretended to be inspired by the Virgin Mary. She had been commanded by the Virgin in a vision, so she said, to have a chapel built in which she and her uncle, and not the regular clergy of the Catholic Church, should officiate. The chapel became the centre of an open crusade against the Government and the Church, which culminated in rebellion and massacre. The fortified position of the rebels at Cancuc was taken after several sanguinary fights; but the chief instigators, and the treasures which they had stolen from the churches were never found. When we read of religious revolts in Mexico and South American countries, we should bear in mind that they are almost certainly of this complexion. Dr. Brinton, though he has invented freely, has hardly made full use of the dramatic possibilities of the story; the best scenes are the love scenes, which are pure

invention, and the passages in which Maria incites the villagers; but the reader will be pleased as well with his poetic paraphrases of Orayan hymns and prayers to the old pagan gods.

Recent Verse

1. *From Dreamland Sent.* By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 2. *Henry Timrod's Poems.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE first poem in this volume (1) of verse strikes the keynote of the entire contents:

"Through days and dreams I seem to walk with one
Whose feet must shun,
Henceforth, the paths of earth; for whom the sun
Rises in unknown realms I cannot trace;
And still there is to me no vacant place . . .
A tender hand is clasped within my own,
And on the air there vibrates still her tone."

As suggested in the title of this poem, "Companioned," the writer everywhere and at all times has assurance, satisfactory to her own heart, that the presence and influence of the vanished friend have never been withdrawn. Especially are these comforting monitions of the invisible companionship vouchsafed on the returns of religious holidays, as at Christmas and Eastertide, when the faith of the believer is quickened anew, and all tenderest memories are reconsecrated. It is to the communicant of evangelical faith, indeed, and perhaps to such alone, that these strains of sorrow and bereavement, modified by a sense of the spirit's unfailing nearness, will make appeal. A reader thus prepared will, no doubt, find sympathetic ministration in the nepenthes offered by Miss Whiting's gentle and compassionating Muse. The chastening mission of grief and loss is never lost sight of; and the writer seems ever to bear in mind the force of her own conviction in the lines:

"I wait—but I dream no ecstatic morrow,
Of time enchanted by music and flowers;
I know that the highest is won through sorrow,
And I know that duty must burden the hours."

While mainly elegiac in character, this volume contains some selections of a lighter lyrical order; some, also, treating of "occasions," where, however enthusiastic the motive, the result impresses us with a sense of perfunctoriness. Exercising, usually, a discriminating taste as regards the musical value of words and the requisitions of verse-weaving, Miss Whiting occasionally prepares a disappointing surprise for her readers, as when deliberately rhyming "home" with "Leone" in the little poem which employs this Poe-esque name as title. Miss Whiting is seen at her best in such lyrics as "A Summer Memory" and "Tell Me So," in each of which musical movement and pictorial feeling sway the verse.

We are told in the Introduction accompanying the present Memorial Edition of the poems of Henry Timrod (2) that the poet was a "child of nature," and that "his song is the voice of the South-land." The Introduction furnishes, also, sundry characterizations, in a somewhat florid vein, of the poet's work. We are advised that the "dainty voluptuousness in 'A Serenade' kindles with the luxuriousness of the South," while another poem is described as being "warm with the breath of rapturous feeling and rich with the fragrance of flowers."

Yet were we ungrateful did we fail to acknowledge our indebtedness to the loving and painstaking hand that has here provided so complete a bibliography of the verse written by the gifted Carolinian, as well as so careful a biography of the poet; since we much doubt if even the verse-writers of the present generation (to say nothing of the verse-readers) do not need to be informed in the directions aimed at by this prefatory note. For instance, many will learn with surprise that the first small volume of Timrod's poems was published in Boston and had its heartiest "send-off" from the *New York Tribune*. Thoughtful readers, moreover, will derive suggestion from the fact, here recorded, that an ancestor of the poet was alike president of the German Friendly Society of Charleston, and a foremost name on the roll of the German Fusiliers of Charleston, an organization formed when the shot was fired that was heard around the world! If there is aught in ancestral ruling, and if the claims of heredity are valid, then are we well able to deduce whence came the mingled qualities of gentleness and of courage, of quiet contemplation, of lively human sympathy, and of fearless independence in thought, which meet us in the work (alas, that it was all the *early* work!) of Henry Timrod. To any tentative artificer of verse we could find it in our heart to commend, without qualification, the exquisitely conscientious mechanism of the melodious and dainty love-poem entitled "Katie"—a composition whose naïve tenderness can make us forget that art has aught to do with its being, until we are more than willing to share the poet's sweet illusion while in the presence of the chosen maid from over seas:

" I roam with her through fields of cane,
And seem to stroll an English lane,
Which, white with blossoms of the May,
Spreads its green carpet in her way . . .
All birds that love the English sky
Throng round my path when she is by."

The feeling for nature is clearly indicated in many of these poems, whether in such description as the following lines contain,

" Whilst the high pines in one another's arms
Sleep, you may sometimes with unstartled ear
Catch the far fall of voices, how remote
You know not, and you do not care to know";

or in the loving tribute to "Flower-Life," when, having crushed some lowly blossom, the dreamer is haunted by its ghost,—

" And little angel-flowers with wings
Would haunt me through the night."

Readers there will be, to whom Timrod's war-time poems must ever make a strong appeal. Among such productions, "A Cry to Arms" seems to us the most distinctive in thought, and the most sonorous as regards rhythmic flow. We can but feel that some portion of the poet's heart is unlocked for us by the sonnet's key; and of the essays in this crucial form of composition (fifteen sonnets are given), perhaps the very first in order is the one which most clearly reveals to us how single was the purpose, how unworldly the aspiration, that animated the soul of Henry Timrod.

" Poet, if on a lasting fame be bent
Thy unperturbing hopes, thou wilt not roam
Too far from thine own happy heart and home;
Cling to the lowly earth, and be content!
So shall thy name be dear to many a heart;

So shall the noblest truths by thee be taught ;
 The flower and fruit of wholesome human thought
 Bless the sweet labors of thy gentle art.
 The brightest stars are nearest to the earth,
 And we may track the mighty sun above
 Even by the shadow of a slender flower.
 Always, O bard, humility is power !
 And thou may'st draw from matters of the hearth
 Truths wide as nations, and as deep as love."

It should be noted, in conclusion, that the present edition of these poems is contributory to the erection of a memorial to their author.

"Danton: A Study"

By Hilaire Belloc, B.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: E. Nisbet.

THAT seemingly exhaustless theme, the French Revolution, inspires year by year new books, now on one, now on another prominent actor in the terrible drama. In spite of Carlyle, Martin, Michelet, Taine, and the numerous other historians and biographers of the events and men of that period, the wonder, the horror, and the interest of the Revolution still remain strong enough to create a desire for more light and more knowledge.

Mr. Belloc has chosen as the subject of his careful study one of the greatest of the patriots, or scoundrels, according to the historian's point of view, of the end of the last century. Though too often classed with Robespierre and Marat in a triumvirate of cruelty and horror, Danton stands out boldly distinct from those two fanatics. Born at Arcis-sur-Aube, his father a lawyer, Danton came of the healthy middle class that was and still is the mainstay of the French nation. It was at first proposed to educate him for the church, but the idea was early abandoned by his guardians, and some biographers have made of this a precocious protest against clericalism. "These biographers," says Mr. Belloc, "have no children." Danton was placed with the Oratorians at Troyes where he learnt "little Greek, much Latin, two years all employed in the literature of the late Roman republic," and later on he learned to speak English and Italian. He entered a solicitor's office in Paris, but was called to the bar in Rheims, the chief town of his native province, Champagne. He had great energy of character, without the fury that he is usually credited with. "Save when he had the direct purpose of convincing a crowd, his speech had no violence, and even no metaphor. His voice was loud even when his expressions were subdued."

How loud it was may be judged when we read that at his trial and remarkable defence in the hall of the Palais that overlooks the Seine, "his loud voice (the thing appears incredible, but it is true), vibrating through the hall and lifted to the tones that had made him the orator of the open spaces, rang out and was heard beyond the river." He was tall and stout, his face ugly and determined, his nose and lip injured; and he was further disfigured by smallpox. These physical defects have not served to soften the terrible figure that has come down to us, but his biographer successfully obliterates the picture of a furious, bloodthirsty, sensuous tyrant, and in its place there appears, as one reads farther into the story, an energetic, sane, just, and diplomatic man, the only one with self-control to negotiate for the retreat of the Prussians after Valmy, whose one great idea was the good of France, and who was willing to suffer in personal fame if only France were saved.

The chapter on "Danton at the Cordeliers" treats of the first mutterings of the Revolution and the vague, uncertain desire for reform; when reform is promised, the absurdity of some of the grievances (the clergy of Forez, for instance, after some remarks on the care and cleansing of ponds, end up with an essay on individual liberty); and the ridiculousness of certain petitions, as "to have one's dogs killed if necessary but not hamstrung, to be allowed to keep a cat, to be allowed to light a fire without paying dues, to sell one's wine when one likes." Into such a Paris came Danton, soon to be the leader of the Revolutionists. He distrusted Lafayette as a "weak man in power," and Lafayette feared him. He became for a time the champion of Marat. The story is told in detail, and Mr. Belloc adds that the events showed Danton in a false light. "He appears as the friend of Marat, a man for whom he felt no sympathy, to whom he was immeasurably superior, and whom he had supported only because Marat's quarrel was a tactical opportunity against the Moderates." Necessarily much of the history of the Revolution is given in these pages, but the chief interest is centred in Danton's part in it. At each crisis he shows himself the strong man to guide the storm-tossed bark of France to safety. When the news of the fall of Longwy reached Paris, Roland and his followers would have fled. Danton stood firm. "My mother is seventy years old, and I have brought her to Paris; I brought my children yesterday. If the Prussians are to come in, I hope it may be into a Paris burnt down with torches." Then he turned to Roland in person and threw out a fatal sentence, necessary, perhaps, but one of many that dug the great gulf between him and the Girondins. "Take care, Roland, and do not talk too much about flight; the people might hear you."

The Girondins, "own brothers to the immortal group that framed the American Constitution, the true heirs of Rousseau, and worthy to defend and at last to give their lives for the Republican idea," would have none of him; they held aloof, vilified him, and apologized for his acquaintance. Danton was not at first a republican; he believed in the institution of monarchy; when monarchy proved itself utterly useless and rotten, he worked to supply its place. "It was Danton more than any other one man who finally prepared the Republic, yet the Republic was never with him an idea. The consequences of the Republic were his goal; as for the systems, systems were not part of his mind." Mr. Belloc has effectively cleared Danton of responsibility for the September massacres, and in doing this he cannot be accused of whitewashing his hero. His full measure of black paint is given him; no amount of whitewash will obliterate that; but a careful perusal of Appendix IV. will give the reader a clear idea, based on facts, of Danton's attitude at that time, and of the extent of his culpability. But, above all, this is a study of the patriot, the one man who called forth the armies that saved France when all Europe threatened her, who provided a government when the old institution failed,—a terrible despotism, it is true, which finally destroyed him, but not until he had saved the state. Danton, above all others, has surely deserved his statue, and his rehabilitation in the minds of men.

Mr. Belloc's book is valuable to all students of the great Revolution, being the result of much careful research into the character and motives of one of its leading spirits, written with a sincere desire to do justice to an often misrepresented man, without, however, failing to note the errors and weak points in his career. As he goes to the scaffold with his friends, Danton is the leader and the supporter still.

"For these were not the Girondins, the admirable stoics, of whom each was a sufficient strength to his own soul: they were the Dantonists, who had been moulded and framed by the strength and genius of one man. He did not fail them a moment in the journey, and he died last to give them courage."

As a supplement to the life of Danton, there is a chapter on his destroyer, Robespierre, that adds much to the value of this very able book.

"University Problems"

By President Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University. The Century Co.

PRESIDENT GILMAN's career as an educator has been a very notable one. Other university presidents have had, perhaps, as wide an experience and have shown as great originality; some may be more eminent as authorities in the science of pedagogics; but to no other has such an opportunity come as came to him in the founding of the university of Baltimore, and no other could have turned that opportunity to better account. In planning Johns Hopkins University he was not merely permitted to make an important experiment—to try something unique in the educational system of the country: he was allowed to design a model, to establish a school which should show in their practical application the ideal principles of a university—of scholarly labor, instruction, and ambition—stripped of all that is merely traditional and non-essential. Such a model has Dr. Gilman constructed, and the influence which he has thus exerted upon the present and the future of higher education in this country is incalculable. He has not merely instructed the youth who have been graduated from the university: he may even be said to have educated the nation.

In the addresses collected in this volume he gives us both the ideal with which his work began and the ripened convictions which its progress has produced. In a clear and delightful style, and with a comprehensive understanding of the development of modern knowledge and education, he unfolds his conception of the part which the university should play, and which his own university is endeavoring to play, not merely in the world of scholarship but also in the complex whole of modern life. No one, however well versed in "university problems," can read it without gaining inspiration and greater clearness of ideas: and no one who stands outside of university life, but wishes to know its aims and significance, can find a more simple and fascinating explanation of them than that which he has given.

The first chapter consists of the inaugural address delivered at the opening of Johns Hopkins. In it a brief survey of the educational discussions and the controversies of that date and of the points in which all are agreed is followed by a consideration of the special matters that directly affected the new foundation, many of which are also of wider interest. The sound intelligence, both scholarly and practical, which marks the address, is admirably shown in this statement of the aims of the new university—which is also the keynote of the book:

"An enduring foundation; a slow development; first local, then regional, then national influence; the most liberal promotion of all useful knowledge; the special provision of such departments as are neglected elsewhere in the country; a generous affiliation with all other institutions, avoiding interferences, and engaging in no rivalry; the encouragement of research; the promotion of young men; and the advancement

of individual scholars, who by their excellence will advance the sciences they pursue and the society where they dwell."

In the two addresses that follow—"The Utility of Universities," and "The Characteristics of a University"—he goes more deeply into the ideal of a university and its relation to the life of a community as a whole. No better general statement of what a university is or should be, of what it does or should do, has been written; but it cannot be summarized—it must be read. One passage, however, may be quoted both for its truth and its charm:

"Finally, among the merits of a university is the cultivation of a spirit of repose. As the distractions of modern civilization multiply, as newspaper enterprise brings to our daily vision the conflicts and transactions of mankind, as books become superabundant, and periodicals more and more indispensable and more and more technical, some corrective must exist, or there will be no more enjoyment in an intellectual life than there is in making money in the turmoil of the bourse. The whirl of the nineteenth century has already affected the colleges, with detriment to that seclusion which best promotes the acquisition of knowledge. A man of varied experience in public affairs has said that a great university should be at once 'the best place of education, the greatest machine for research, and the most delicious retreat for learned leisure.' This is doubtless the truth, but it is only a half-truth. Universities with ample resources for the support of investigators, scholars, thinkers, and philosophers, numerous enough, learned enough, and wise enough to be felt among the powers of the age, will prove the safeguards of repose, not only for those who live within their learned cloisters, but for all who come under their influence. A society of the choicest minds produced in any country, engaged in receiving and imparting knowledge, devoted to the study of nature, the noblest monuments of literature, the marvellous abstractions of mathematical reasoning, the results of historical evidence, the progress of human civilization, and the foundations of religious faith, will be at once an example of productive quietude and an incitement to the philosophic view of life, so important to our countrymen in this day, when the miserable cry of pessimism on the one hand, and the delightful but deceitful illusions of optimism on the other hand, are in danger of leading them from the middle path, and from that reasonableness of mind which first recognizes that which is, and then has hope and courage to strive for the better."

Other chapters consist of addresses on kindred topics delivered at Yale, his Alma Mater, at the University of California, of which he was president before the founding of Johns Hopkins; at Baltimore, on the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and elsewhere. As a whole the book forms as noteworthy an utterance on the aims of the higher education as has been heard in this country.

"Creation Myths of Primitive America in Relation to the Religious History and Mental Development of Mankind"

By Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown, & Co.

In this handsome volume the author has given us twenty-two stories, nine from the traditions of the Wintus, the remainder from those of the Yanas, both tribes inhabitants of the valley of the Sacramento River, yet speaking languages belonging to very different stocks. Although the reader may question the first sentence of the book which states that "The creation myths of America form a complete system; they give a detailed and circumstantial account of the origin of this world and of all things and creatures contained in it," he will be grateful for this admirable record of the folk-lore of vanishing tribes,

In his introduction and the appended notes Mr. Curtin states that the earlier world as described in these myths was divided into two periods by the quality of their life—the first one of peace and order, the second of conflict, which ended in the creation of man. The American creation myths relate to what took place in the passage from the earlier to the later time. To the uninstructed in folk-lore these notes, as seen in the excellent examples here presented, will appear as no more than curious fairy stories, with the fairies left out and in their place a very odd lot of Indians who are ever behaving in the most extravagant manner. Almost every scene is laid on the simple stage of the Indian dwelling. The "sweet house" is usually the theatre where the little play begins, though it is likely to range to beyond the *first sky* and at times beyond the *second*. The characters, or at least some of them in each of the stories, have no end of miraculous powers. It is in their magical performances that the interest of the reciter and his hearers is evidently centred. There is little attention to character or to human experience of the ordinary kind, nor is there any trace of interest in scenes because of their beauty. All is in that plane of childish fancy wherein primitive folk delight to dwell. There is no evident effort to attain any other explanation of the world than is afforded by the whimsical acts of human-like beings who are able to do just what they please with the realm about them. No trace of a conception as to the succession of actions, not a glimpse of the order of nature.

While the title "Creation Myths" may perhaps suggest to the reader more than the matter of these stories warrants, by conveying the idea that they are deliberate efforts to give an account of the origin of things, they well represent the primitive method of explaining the past and present of this world, the method which men must follow at the outset of their journey in search of knowledge. At first they can see no other agents of action than men and beasts. They see these to be strong: it is a simple matter to fancy them enough stronger to account for all the recognized occurrences of the world. With most folk this explanation suffices, except that the individual powers may be made more superhuman than the mere savage makes them. Once only have men been led beyond this primal view as to the manner in which the natural realm is constructed. To the Greeks we owe this unique endeavor, which replaced the conception of individual will by that of natural law: on the thought of the philosophers of that people, on the hard thinking which they did between the seventh and fourth centuries before Christ, rests our modern science.

The creation myths of North America have a peculiar value in that they appear to be altogether indigenous. They afford no traditions as to the origin of the folk; no sign of their derivation from the Eurasian continent. When we consider that our Indians were certainly derived from the Old World, and how likely stories concerning migrations are to survive, these tales warrant the supposition that the native folk of the Americas have been long in the land. It appears not unlikely that they came even before their race had advanced to the myth-making stage of their intellectual development. However this may be, the stories have a peculiar interest in that they represent the speculations of one tolerably well-defined race unmixed with the thought of other alien folk. They may also serve to teach the white man something as to the intellectual dignity of the race which he has so ruthlessly dispossessed of its birthright. There is a common notion that the Indian is a cheap savage. Those who know him well are aware of the fact

that his intellectual ability is much above that of most peoples in the stage of economic development in which he was found by the whites. These myths are likely to help many persons to see these simple people as they are, a task which is hard for our folk to accomplish.

The book is fitly dedicated to Major J. W. Powell, the founder and Director of the Bureau of Ethnology, from whose work and that of his associates the author well says, "the world has learned more of the great primitive race of our country than it learned from the discovery of the continent till the day when the Bureau was founded."

Two Books on the Orient

1. *Letters from Japan*. By Mrs. Hugh Frazer. 2 vols. The Macmillan Co. 2. *The New Far East*. By Arthur Didsy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: Cassell & Co.

It may be thought difficult, if not impossible, for an outsider to say anything new about the Island Empire; yet Mrs. Hugh Frazer's two volumes of "Letters from Japan" (1) have all the freshness of absolute novelty. The reason is that not only as the wife of the British Ambassador, did she have uncommon opportunities of seeing something of the life of the court and the Imperial family, but she has also the gift of seeing the queer sides of things and of treating them in a deft and sympathetic style. Does she visit a maid of honor at the palace, she is received, apparently without intention, in a garret full of dolls. "Dolls; foolish things!" says her hostess, and will not condescend to another word about them; but they are images of departed daimio and kuge, nobles of old Yedo and Kioto and their wives, arrayed in the fashions of past centuries, in brocades stiff with gold and brilliant with color. Does she go to a watering-place for the hot season, she has more than the legend of Atami's geyser to tell; for she runs up against a Japanese Atalanta in the woods, her kimono tucked up from her knees and let down from her shoulders, racing ahead of her younger brothers and sisters in similar trim. Things happen every page or two; mysterious and unaccountable things, like the raid of the drunken fishermen upon the sacred dancer who is carried off laughing from her ruined platform, and historical events like the attack upon the Czarewitch. Topsy charcoal-burners and polite and indefatigable old lady pilgrims find or lose their way to her house. She turneth not away her eyes from beholding the queer goings-on in Japanese bath-houses and the open rooms of Japanese hostelries, nor does she withhold compassion from lepers, orphans, and Eurasian children abandoned by their parents. With all this there is, of course, much that only parallels what is to be found in almost any book of travel in Japan, descriptions of Nikko and of Fujiyama, legends of Isanagi and Iyeyasu, but told in such a lively strain that no weariness is experienced in reading them. Mrs. Frazer's two volumes are illustrated with portraits, photographs of scenery, and reproductions of Japanese drawings, carvings, and lacquers.

More serious in intention is "The New Far East" (2), in which the founder of the London Japan Society explains the game of diplomacy now being played in the Orient. Mr. Didsy is concerned mainly with the prospects of Great Britain in China. Japan is new-born; China he judges incapable of the like regeneration. She must be partitioned among the protectionist nations of Europe, or be taken in charge by England, if possible with the assistance of Japan and the United States. Working up to this foregone conclusion, the author gives a brilliant but not wholly reliable sketch of the birth of the New

Far East in Japan, contrasts Japanese and Chinese, has much to say in favor of the women of the yellow race and in mitigation of the unfavorable judgment so often pronounced upon the relations of the sexes, reviews the economical situation, estimates China's fighting power, and hints that the real "yellow peril" is not that fancied by the German Emperor—of conquering Mongolian hosts marshalled under the image of Buddha, but that of a new industrial China, which, under whatever rule, native or foreign, must soon make itself felt in the world's markets. The book impresses one as the work of a man of experience and of ability, yet it is impossible to take several of its closing suggestions seriously. England must fight Russia, the author thinks. But she cannot do so without an immense conscript army. Now, if such are the terms, it is safe to say that there will be no fight. England also needs allies. This country, he admits, cannot be led into the quarrel; but he is right in reckoning on our refusing to permit provisions to be made contraband of war. Japan might be induced to side with England if she were assured that the latter would not break faith, and, after securing her own objects, abandon her ally to Russian vengeance. Englishmen should do all in their power to win the confidence of the Japanese. But, with characteristic British *insouciance*, Mr. Diösy, while delivering himself of this excellent advice, regrets that his countrymen had not supported the Sultan long enough and firmly enough to be able to demand favors from Russia in China in return for at last giving up their Turkish friend and ally to the Russian. This seems an unfortunate way to set about disarming Japanese suspicion. There are several illustrations after spirited sketches by a Japanese artist, Kubota Beisen.

"Life of General George Gordon Meade"

By Richard Meade Bache. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co., 1897.

MR. BACHE has written a history of the Army of the Potomac rather than a biography of General Meade. In the first two hundred and fifty pages, which bring the history forward to the battle of Chancellorsville, Meade's name occurs only at infrequent intervals. Of Mr. Bache's qualifications to write military history there is no evidence, either in this book or elsewhere. It is not harsh to say that there are better histories of the Army of the Potomac already extant. But by his relationship to General Meade, who was his uncle by marriage and his intimate friend, so far as was compatible with the difference in their ages, he is specially qualified to tell in what light General Meade was regarded by his family. The portrait which he draws is not very clear or distinct. He shows us a gentleman of upright principles, good connections, kindly manners, fastidious in his dress, and in a vague way a great soldier. But the claim to this latter distinction rests upon the fact that the Army of the Potomac passed through great events while Meade was in command of it. It is not made clear that Meade either brought about these events or took the fullest advantage of them. We are told that he would have commanded the army better during the last year of the war if Grant had not been present; that Hancock decided on Gettysburg as a battleground not on his own judgment but on Meade's order; that Warren saw the great importance of seizing Round Top because Meade pointed it out to him; that Grant was guilty of favoritism in giving Sheridan a chance to distinguish himself and in appointing him lieutenant-general instead of Meade, and that Grant intentionally so contrived the surrender of Lee that Meade

should not be present or have part in it. In making these assertions and presenting arguments in favor of them, Mr. Bache does not prove his case, but he does show the mental attitude of Meade and his family towards Grant, and, coming at this late day and after the generous praise which Grant bestows on Meade in his memoirs, this attitude does not add to Meade's reputation.

All of General Meade's military service was with the Army of the Potomac, beginning as a brigade commander, and rising in succession to the command of a division, a corp, and of the army itself, of which he was its only successful commander. It would have been most interesting to have had a vivid picture of his daily life in the successive stages of his career and by quotations from his letters or by statements of his opinions and plans and thoughts, have gained a clear idea of the man. But in place of this we have rather a description of the events in which he moved and the author's opinion of his fellow-generals. Some of these are striking, and if written by an author of greater authority would command attention. Thus, McClellan is described as "an honest, and therefore a well-meaning man, and a man of fair ability for the ordinary walks of life"; Burnside as "a very inconsiderable man," who not only had greatness thrust upon him but "was knocked down with it and hammered with it into partial insensibility of the absurdity of its being attributed to him"; Hooker as an efficient corps commander "but not of thoroughly well-balanced character"; Halleck as "a sort of magnified Department clerk," who when "he came to devise military operations at a distance, or himself personally took charge of them in the field, appears in the full incapacity of his character." These are picturesque phrases, but possibly do not exhibit maturity of judgment. Meade is not thus summed up in a phrase, but it is stated that "all that the greatest of generals can do is to meet at the instant the emergencies which blended design and chance present to him for counteraction"; and that "in this, one of the attributes of great generalship, General Meade was always equal to the occasion."

In point of fact, Meade was a cautious, prudent soldier, certainly not of the highest class, but safe; with a deliberate and well-balanced but not brilliant mind; he commanded the Army of the Potomac without making any great mistakes or achieving any decisive success. Very little fresh light is thrown by this book either upon his character or upon the events in which he took part. The language in which these are described is often such that it is difficult to grasp the exact meaning; as, for example, in the following sentence, commenting on the vacillating policy of Andrew Johnson: "It may well be believed that the political pendulum thus hanging and swinging made the varying time of world-history presented ill accord with the view of correctness of the sober common sense of the people."

"No, 5 John Street"

By Richard Whiteing. New York: The Century Co. London: Grant Richards.

"NOT so high as a pleasure nor quite so mean as a fad" was the motive that sent a young baronet to live for six weeks in the heart of a London slum. Sir Charles had an unearned income of £10,000 or so, and was a little bored by his bachelor life; moreover he had promised, in behalf of his late friend, Lord ———, to represent the Pitcairn Islanders at the Queen's Jubilee, in 1897, and to send to the "rather ridiculous old person" who governed those primitive half-breeds a

report on English civilization at the close of the nineteenth century. This written report was to supplement certain more or less ironical dissertations on the glories of Great Britain which the baronet's noble friend had delivered orally to the Anglo-Tahitians, when chance threw him on their hospitality, some years before—dissertations which may be found duly recorded in a posthumous memoir entitled "The Island."

As to the life of the well-to-do, Sir Charles was preëminently qualified to speak; but the actual condition of the "other half" was a sealed book to him. Mansion House conferences on the social question failed to break the seal; nor did the University Settlement promise to break it much more effectually. "It proved to be a mere peep-hole into the life I wanted to see, with the Peeping-Tom still a little too much on the safe side. The inmate did not live the life. He observed it merely from the standpoint of all the comforts of home. And if he sometimes plunged into the waters of tribulation, it was only in corks." The essence of the author's plan was that he should, for a certain time of probation, get his own living with his own hands. Six weeks was to be the term of this probation; and to account for so long an absence from the haunts of fashion, he caused his faithful man Stubbs to procure the insertion in *The Morning Post* of a note to the effect that he had gone duck-shooting on the Caspian. No one would have smiled at the idea of his "crossing Europe and a part of Asia to slay wild-fowl," but everyone would have laughed at the quixotism of his real enterprise.

His first engagement was as copyist and minor clerk in a factory at eighteen shillings a week. A fellow-worker, known to his intimates as Covey, or the Cove, directs him to a lodging-house, at No. 5 John Street, where he rents a third-floor back; and it is Covey who helps him to make up his budget, with its allowance of one shilling and sixpence a day for food on six days of the week, and sixpence on Saturday, and other allowances to match. There is a trifle for pleasure, but nothing for clothes. "Put a bit on a 'orse, and if yer pull it orf, there's a whole suit. As fer sickness, there's the 'orspital. . . . As fer old age—short life and a merry one. Very few of us makes old bones." Covey is a character—a real and a delightful one: none too honest, none too industrious, but brave and loyal, and not without a certain natural refinement of taste that finds expression in his skilful imitation of the notes of birds. But the strongest and most charming personality in the book is that of 'Tilda, the Amazonian flower-girl, with her handsome face, kind heart, and well-trained fists—"a noble savage, this coster-'gal'; and a nice young lady for a small tea-party at all times."

We do not rehearse the story of "No. 5 John Street," for it is of the slightest. The strength of the book lies in its artistic contrasting of the life of the very rich with the life of the very poor, and its charm in the delicate humor that breathes through every dialogue and description. Like its predecessor, "The Island," it is "a satire on high civilizations"; yet one never feels, in reading it, that the author's intense sympathy with the poor has really embittered him against the prosperous. He has, moreover, no panacea to offer for social ills; and while his book may be taken as the text of many a homily, and will be welcomed by serious students for its trenchant exposure of social wrongs, it is differentiated from other works of like import by its exquisite literary flavor. In style, indeed, it is as delicate as anything of Stevenson's.

"Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne, 1812-1813"

Compiled from the Original M.S. by Paul Cottin. The Doubleday & McClure Co.

THIS singularly engrossing book differs from the numerous memoirs of the Napoleonic period published in recent years in that it is the narrative of a simple non-commissioned officer, and hardly mentions Napoleon, his marshals, and his court. The retreat from Moscow has been described many times, and by trained writers; but none of them, we believe, approaches in terrible reality the narrative of this sergeant of the Guards, who dreamed not of effect or artistic grouping of facts. He simply tells the story of a rout that for suffering and disaster stands probably unrivalled in the annals of war.

Bourgogne was one of the mass that obeyed orders with blind confidence in the genius of Napoleon; he was one of the thousands who speculated in blissful ignorance upon the causes of orders and manœuvres; one of the men who erred through burning Moscow, shooting incendiaries, or hanging them, or braining them with the butts of their musket—it was all one—according to orders; and he gathered his share of the plunder—richest furs, gold and silver, fine wines and brandies, everything that came to his hand.

The occupation and burning of the Holy City fill but a small part of the book, but they are described with rare felicity. Bourgogne was but a simple non-commissioned officer, who did not attempt to judge the conflagration as a whole, who merely observed what was immediately before him, just as on the retreat he speculated not upon the extent of the disaster, but was concerned only with saving his own skin, with keeping warm, and securing food.

The miseries he endured make a lasting impression, though he himself became callous to all but his own safety. From Moscow to the crowning disaster at the Beresina and beyond, the road was strewn with corpses—soldiers despoiled of their clothing before they had died, frozen stiff in their death-throes, and with horses partially cut up for food. Every hut on the way, where they sought shelter for the night, contained its ghastly occupants; the army wagons into which he dropped exhausted in the falling darkness of the evening offered beds of frozen corpses; and when he fell into a ditch, he could feel, under the covering of snow, the frozen limbs of perished comrades.

Provisions for food could not be made: their miserable portions of horseflesh, a potato gathered heaven knows how—everything had to be eaten when warm; an hour later it would be frozen stiff, with no fire near. All discipline was forgotten: the men marched in little bands, losing each other, forming new combinations, ever harassed by the Cossacks, dropping by the wayside, dragging themselves wearily on with frozen limbs. Bourgogne says that cannibalism was rife in that mob of perishing wretches, though he never saw it. He fell in with robbers more than once, with human hyenas, deserters from the army, who hovered on its flanks and advance-guard and plied their trade under cover of night. Once or twice he received hospitality from kindly peasants—Poles,—but as often he had to pay dearly for a glass of spirits, and the Polish Jew drove his barter unmoved.

Whether it is Bourgogne or his editor who has kept all these horrors within bounds, we do not know. It is certain, however, that the book is not repulsive on account of an over-abundance of them. The narrative represents the adventures of nearly all the survivors of the Grand Army: it pictures the chaos that prevailed, the ruthless selfishness of the animal man that reigns unsuppressed in such tragedies—the breaking of the ties of friendship for the sake of a mouthful of food, or a

bearskin to shield against the cold, and it is well worth reading. It is straightforward, almost breathlessly interesting, and bears the stamp of truth so clearly, that the list of witnesses at the end of the volume becomes utterly unnecessary. The illustrations are from sketches made by an officer during the retreat.

"The Story of Rouen"

By Theodore Andrea Cook. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.

THE series of volumes on "Mediæval Towns" has been enriched by a well-illustrated "Story of Rouen," the work of Theodore Andrea Cook, who follows the history of the place most intimately linked to the immortal name of Jeanne d'Arc from its foundation by the Romans, through the days of the Merovingian kings and the Norman dukes to the present time. The illustrations, by Helen M. James and the author's mother, Jafé E. Cook, adequately represent the interesting mediæval character of the city's architecture, and are supplemented by several plans, among them that of Jaques Lelieur, drawn in 1525, which, by a quaint and ingenious arrangement, shows not merely the course of various streets, but the façades of the houses on each side of them.

Nothing remains of the Roman stronghold on the outside of the curve of the Seine but a few tombs and some coins brought to Rothomagus by the legionaries; but linked to this earliest period is the crypt beneath the church of St. Gervais, on the site of the old priory whither William the Conqueror was carried in his last illness. It is the oldest crypt in France, built in A.D. 404 by St. Vitrice, as a shrine for the safe keeping of the first relics of his church brought to that pagan region.

As little—less, indeed, for "literally not one stone remains in Rouen to which I can point you as a witness of the tragedy in which the names of Fredegond and Brunhilda will always live"—remains of the Merovingian town, Rouen enters history for good with the advent of the Norsemen, the establishment of their duchy on the shores of the Atlantic, and the rise of William the Conqueror, whose conquest of England signalized the fall of Normandy. The city then became an outpost of the French kings against the English invaders, was besieged by Henry V., and taken; and thither was brought the Maid of Orleans to be tried and burned at the stake in the Vieux Marché. Thenceforth Rouen passed into the history of France, and shared her welfare and her woes.

Mr. Cook has interwoven the mediæval life of the city with its history. He traces its trade, its riches, its guilds, and, above all, its architecture, step by step. He chronicles the building of its many churches, and mentions particularly, in this connection, the Privilege of St. Romain's Shrine, by virtue of which prisoners were pardoned at a certain season of the year. The record of these pardons, from 1210 to 1790, the work of many hands through many ages, is still preserved. It is of interest, also, to note that the only contemporaneous record of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, beside the one picture at Hampton Court, is mouldering into decay in the carvings of the Maison Bourgtherolde.

In French letters Rouen is honored as the birthplace of Pierre Corneille. Blaise Pascal inhabited it for some time in his youth; and the first edition of Voltaire's "Henriade" was published there by Robert Viret.

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